Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

WAYSIDE WEEDS.

We read in the good book that when the earth went forth to sow, some seeds fell by the wayside and the fowls came and devoured them. These seeds were doubtless wheat or some other grain, but we find other seeds, such as thistles, dock and wild parsnip that the fowls will not devour, and that farmers too often allow to grow to the disparagement of the landscape and the damage of the contiguous lands. One might suppose from travelling through some parts of our country that the sides of highways and railroads were used as hot-beds for weeds, so luxuriantly the growth of noxious docks and other foul stuff. We wish some law were framed compelling land owners to keep the highways contiguous to their premises, free from weeds. The title to the wayside is not in the hands of the contiguous landowners, as all that the public claim is the right of way and so much material within prescribed limits, as may be necessary to construct and repair the road. Should the highway be discontinued the title reverts to the owners on either side, and while contiguous these owners have a perfect right to cultivate up to the travelled path. If the question should ever come when American farmers shall abolish roadside fences and reclaim the millions of acres that are now worse than wasted between these fences, there would be no need of such a law. Many of the luxuriant weeds which now disfigure the country and scatter their pestiferous seeds into the neighboring fields, would see clean crops of grain and grass growing by the wayside. This is the practice in Germany and other European countries, and is a sign of advancing civilization that such custom has been adopted in many parts of our own country.

It is difficult to root out old prejudices which have had the sanction of centuries, and we do not expect to see within a score of years the lawns of villagers nor the meadows of farmers generally extended to the travelled way, but in the mean time all land owners should be compelled to cut wayside weeds before they go to seed. This much at least is due to the public, for the highway is not only a path for vehicles, but for light seeds also. The wind sweeps these oftentimes for miles along the road and scatters them to take root in neighboring fields. They also follow a long distance in the wake of rapid-rolling wagons, the transit of the vehicle being so fleet as to cause a partial vacuum in its rear which the contiguous air rushes in to fill. This is specially true of fast carriages. We have often noticed Canada thistle seeds rushing after a train of cars as though bent on a race with them. As in most States the law compels railroad corporations to fence in their tracks, so that roaming farmers have no right to cultivate the sides of railroads, the statute that compels the latter to cut wayside weeds should also require the former to keep their roadsides from becoming nurseries of noxious plants. There would be no injustice in such a statute. Railroad charters are granted for the public weal, not for the benefit of a few stockholders, and the State is bound to see that these roads never degenerate into a public nuisance. That they are a nuisance when the track is lined on either side with rank burdocks and thistles, every candid man, even though he may be a stockholder, will admit. The sides of our railroads are becoming greater plague even than the common waysides, for there is a little pride among some farmers to keep them looking decently, but for the looks of a railroad no absentee landlord feels any responsibility, and few seem to appreciate the damage that railroad weeds are doing to contiguous lands.

KEEP ON THE FARM.

In these dull times, when scores of young men are out of employment, and others are crowding in from other places, seeking for so called "genteel" situations, it is well to give wide publicity to such facts as are set forth in the following extract from the New York *Journal of Commerce:* One of the great problems of our day, too little discussed by those who have the ear of the public through the press or at the forum, is to furnish the young men of this generation with remunerative employment. The professions are all over-crowded. The shops are by far too numerous. Agencies of all classes are so multiplied that the occupants tread on each other's toes and are a love and nuisance to the general public. Clerks out of employment and willing to serve for a pittance are to be reckoned by their tens of thousands. Bookkeepers with hungry eyes are reading the advertising lists in the vain hope of an opening for their application. Collectors, messengers, doorkeepers, watchmen, conductors, and the great variety of others, already expert, seeking employment in kindred callings, are waiting anxiously for some one to engage them. Every possible form of service that can be reckoned in the list of genteel occupations is anxiously sought after by multitudes who have no other provision for their daily needs. The men who have been trying to live by their wits must go to work at the bench or in the field; of these the soil offers the most accessible and at first the most remunerative employment. The mass of the unemployed must seek sustenance from the bosom of mother earth. Land is cheap, and there is a wide area that awaits the tiller. The back may ache, and the skin blister in the sun, but the bread can be made without fear of failure, if the laborer will be faithful to his calling. It needs less wisdom and forethought than patient industry, and the man with a common mind may eat his harvest in peace.

SEA MANURE.

Farmers who have always lived in the interior away from the sea shore do not realize the advantages of having a farm within a few miles of the ocean, nor do the farmers who have always lived on the sea shore fully appreciate the advantages they enjoy by being located where they can enrich their farms with the large quantities of rich fertilizing materials, which every year naturally wash upon the shore; but if a farmer of the interior moves down to the sea shore he at once realizes the advantages of having in the vicinity of his farm such abundance of rich fertilizers, and at once improves every opportunity to enrich his farm with this free gift of nature; and when a farmer on the sea shore moves into the interior he misses the means of enriching his farm by labor alone; he is at loss to know how to keep up the fertility of his farm and sell what seems to be the most profitable crop without paying out large sums of money for commercial fertilizers.

While the farmer of the interior seems to be driven to the necessity of selling the product of his farm in the most concentrated form, and of a character to draw the least from the soil, that he may keep his farm up, the farmer on the sea shore can sell whatever crops are most profitable, though they may draw heavily from the soil, and yet keep up its fertility by employing his leisure in covering his farm with manure from the sea.

There are various kinds of sea manure; some kinds grow from the stones and mussels that lit where at low tide the water is several feet deep; others from the mud that lies where the water leaves it at every tide, and still other varieties that grow on rocks that the water leaves at half tide.

The names of the most prominent as known to the natives of the sea shore are kelp, eel grass, or sea weed and rock weed. The first named is sometimes washed ashore on the beaches in large quantities; this, when first landed, is excellent manure for almost any crop; for Indian corn, if spread on the land in the Autumn or Winter and ploughed in in the Spring, it proves to be one of the best of fertilizers; treated in the same way it is equally good for potatoes; excellent crops of grass can be grown with it on low moist land, by spreading it on the surface during the Autumn and Winter, but on high dry land it should not be spread on the surface for grass, as it will not receive moisture enough to decompose it before mowing time.

Fresh kelp, if permitted to lie in a heap for a few days will heat and decompose very rapidly, and countless numbers of small white maggots will eat away the life of the manure; so that sometimes when so large quantities are landed on the shore where, if it is not immediately carted away it becomes decomposed and filled with maggots; then a high tide floats it and by a change of wind it is carried to another shore with nearly all of its fertilizing qualities washed away. Some farmers, not understanding the difference between this and unfermented kelp, cart it away and apply it to their land and come to the conclusion that kelp is a very poor manure. How true it is that every step of the farmer requires intelligence and clear observation.

Our experience teaches us that good fresh kelp is worth three-fifths as much per cord as good stable manure, if rightly managed; it should not be permitted to lie in heaps, but should be composted with non-heating materials, or spread directly on the land; if exposed all winter on the surface it does not seem to lose its good qualities, but when Indian corn is to be planted, it should be spread on the land in the autumn, if possible, as it produces better crops by so doing than it does by applying it in the spring and immediately ploughing it under. By laying on the surface all winter it seems to give the soil more life and makes it pulverize more easily.

Eel grass, or sea weed is used largely as an absorbent and for bedding in the hog-pen; some contend that it contains considerable quantities of fertilizing materials, but the numerous experiments that have come under our observation have failed to prove that is of any advantage to any crop, when used unmixed with other materials; but for bedding, and for an absorbent in the hog-pen, it is very good as well as cheap. As this material grows in the harbors in shallow water, it comes ashore on the salt meadows, the banks of the creeks and the beaches, in the harbors, in large quantities during the autumn, winter, and a portion of the spring.

The rockweed which grows on the rocks along the shore and around the islands is cut from the rocks when the tide is down, and loaded into boats in which it is conveyed to the wharves, and sold to the farmers for $1.25 per ton; which measures about one-half a cord, so that it costs the farmer on the wharf $2,50 per cord of 128 cubic feet. The value of this is about the same as the same measure of the best quality of kelp; perhaps a trifle more for some purposes; it will not decompose as readily as kelp, but is excellent for Indian corn and potatoes; good crops of cabbage are grown with it. We do not think it the best manure for pears, especially if large quantities are to be applied. We once applied so much to an orchard of dwarf pear trees that it destroyed the good flavor of the pears; some of the best varieties were so insipid that they could not be eaten.

The question here arises, if the flavor of fruits can be injured by one quality of fertilizer, cannot the flavor be improved by an opposite quality? Professor Goessmann of the Agricultural College at Amherst is endeavoring to settle this question, by careful experiments, covering a series of years.

That the sea manure which is cast ashore on our coast is of great advantage to the farmers who reside within a few miles of the shore there can be but little doubt; whether it can be dried and sent into the interior with profit, is a question not yet fully decided; but it is evident that the farmers of the interior cannot reap that advantage from it that the farmers on the shore can; for if it can be transported at a profit, the farmer will have to pay out his money for it, while the farmer on the shore can with his own team use his leisure time in covering his land with a manure that costs but little more than his time, as the right for the privilege of carting a whole year costs but a few dollars; it is true that this manure cannot be obtained at all times, as it only lands after a storm, and when the wind blows from the right direction to bring it ashore: but the wide awake, energetic farmer will watch his chances, and secure a good pile, during the autumn and winter months.

MAKING OUR OWN FERTILIZERS.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes a sensible article on this question. He believes in commercial fertilizers. That is, he thinks they return a profit, if honestly made and properly applied, especially when applied to land that is to be seeded down to grass. The money will be returned in the grain, and the grass crop will be vastly improved by the application and the sod to be turned under will be heavier. But he thinks it is nonsense to purchase fertilizers when they are going to waste on the farm. He says:

Now if it pays to purchase these fertilizers at from twenty-five dollars to ninety dollars a ton, besides paying freight on them and hauling them from the depot, how much better it would be for us if we could manufacture our fertilizers at home at one-fourth the cost! I once heard a gentleman, who had years of experience in this line, say that pure Peruvian guano, even at ninety dollars to one hundred dollars per ton, is the cheapest of all fertilizers. Now, unless I am mistaken, Peruvian guano is simply rotted bird manure, and must have lost some of its strength by being exposed to the air and sun. I suppose the birds that made this guano fed on bugs, fish, wild seeds, etc. So do our chickens feed on worms, grain, bugs, etc. We thus have one ingredient at least equal to the best fertilizer known right on our farms, and one that can be vastly increased with very small additional expense. It is certainly of vast importance to the farmer to see that the flock of fowls is kept up, and see that not one ounce of manure is wasted. Another thing is the hog manure. This is certainly a splendid fertilizer, and should be saved with the utmost care. I have known farmers to build their hogpens on a hillside leading to a branch to let the hogs get water, and thereby lose nearly all their manure. It may not be equal to Peruvian guano, but it is certainly half as good. Another valuable fertilizer is wasted on nine-tenths of the farms in the country. This is the night soil, and everything that comes from the house—the liquid manures are as strong as the solids. My plan is to save all these things; pulverizing, and making them into a real genuine fertilizer that can be drilled, handled or used as are commercial fertilizers. Sink in your back yard a vat that will hold say two hundred bushels. (If one is not enough you can sink another one.) It should be well made out of two-inch oak planks, and have a light lid with a good handle, so the washerwoman can lift the lid and pour her soap-suds into it as easy as pouring it elsewhere, and where the chambermaid should be required always to put into it everything in her line. Now add all the hen manure you can get; all the night soil, and a load or two of the best hog manure. Then add muck, loam or plaster enough to absorb all gases and stop all smell, so as to make it perfectly inoffensive. When the box is nearly full, add (if there is not enough already,) enough liquid to make the mass mix easily, and with a long pole thoroughly mix, and keep stirring it for several days, so as to reduce all lumps. You can then remove all sticks, cobs, etc., that may have found their way into it, with a coarse seive fastened on a long pole. When thoroughly mixed and sifted, allow it to dry out, and if not dry enough when you want to use, spread it on boards and dry thoroughly. This fertilizer can be made at a small cost per ton, and will be found good.

AMERICAN FORESTS.

The following are extracts from a paper on this subject in *Harper's Monthly* for August, 1879, by Geo. May Powell, chairman of the American Institute Forest Committee:

"Of a desolation recorded far back of even the days of Grecian glory: 'A man was famous according as he lifted up axes on thick trees.' In the days when American forests were practically limitless, our fathers were far too famous for lifting up axes on the trees. Trusting to what seemed employment, skilled laborers have made their homes where the streams appeared permanent. Then as the summers came and went, the rivers grew more and more feeble till the spindles were silent. Then the flood turns that stream to a demon of destruction. The cause of all this was that the sources of the river's life have been injured or destroyed by men who lifted up axes on the thick trees far up the mountain where the mill streams have their birth.

"Next to production in importance, is the question of transportation as involved in navigation. Less than a quarter of the traction is needed to move a ton afloat, that is needed to move it by rail.

"Many of the streams constituting Britain's inland navigation are so small as to be spoken of as 'brooks' in the Parliamentary acts giving rights to companies to use them. One of these combined canal and river courses takes freight at the southwest of England at the severn; up historic little Avon; across Wiltshire to the Thames, and down to London. All this will be so improved on that in a few years the speed between steam canal boats and that of the average freight train will be materially reduced. Britain's inland transport lines, thus exceed the length of her rail lines.

"Agriculture does not need sacrifice of trees, to save streams for navigation or manufactures. The identical conditions of rain or dew fall needed by either is needed for all. Seasons seldom pass in which farmers would not have from one to three-fourths added to their yield by a more equal distribution of the rainfall. High culture proves an acre properly watered, may yield as much as seven or more in the usual ways.

"Single trees have been burned in America in log heaps, which, cut in veneers would sell for more net cash, than the whole farm where it grew. When our forests are as well treated as those of Europe few trees will be cut except by advice of a forest engineer."

BUDDING.

[New York Times.]

New varieties of plants and trees may be propagated by budding, which is, in fact, a kind of grafting. Some trees do not take grafts kindly; the stone fruits particularly so; and these are usually budded. To bud a tree a slit is made in the bark in the desired place, of the shape of a T. A dormant or new bud is cut from a tree, the bark and a thin slice of the underwood being taken at the axil of a leaf, where a new bud is found. The piece of bark cut off with the bud is trimmed to fit the upper cut of the T exactly, and to lie smoothly under the other part of the bark, which is loosened by being raised with a blunt, smooth instrument. The bud with the shield of bark is slipped under the loosened bark of the stock, which is bound by a figure of 8 bandage of bass-wood bark or linen. That is all. The barks unite, and the inserted bud grows and becomes attached to the wood of the stock just as with a graft. Budding may be done from this time until September.

☞ In all our cropping and planting, we should remember that the farm is our capital, and that increasing its producing capacity means adding to our principal, while reducing it is taking away the "means by which we live."

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

SPINACH, CURRANTS, ETC.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I would like to ask you a few questions on agriculture and horticulture. Would be pleased to have you answer them in the *Ploughman*, being interested and having farmed long enough to know that I don't know anything about it. I would like to know the right time to sow dandelion seed, also fall spinach, and if the latter requires any protection through the winter?

I would like to know the best soil for the cultivation of the currant, and the best kinds to grow for market, and the most effectual way to protect them from the ravages of the worm?

As my customers want strawberries earlier and later in the season than I can grow them, I would ask what kinds you would recommend to grow, early and late, so as to prolong the season?

Can you give any information about the Russian apple? agents are around town taking orders for the trees of this, to me, new variety.

What kind of plums would you advise to raise for market? What do you think of the Richland?

I market my own produce. I am often queried if I use poison to destroy the potato bug. I asked one man who asked me that question if he thought any harm came from it; he answered he did not know; he knew a number of persons down sick, caused by using potatoes that had been so dealt with. What is your opinion and that of learned and scientific men on this?

I would ask how adding nothing to something increases that something; in other words, why in ploughing under clover and other green crops, on a piece of land, adds to the fertility of that land? Nothing is put on but the seed; does the increased fertility come from the atmosphere, or from the depth below? would not a crop of weeds used in the same way have the same effect? Is there any way to utilize weeds? I confess I am often terribly discouraged and ready to sit down in despair, at the time and labor required to rid our fields of this pest. Is there any better way than to "fight them to the bitter end?"

I have been thinking that after the busy season is over of writing and have you print an article on the obstacles to profitable and successful farming. If I ask you any more simple questions, you will know without my telling that my name is John Green.

Danvers, July 14, 1879. H. P.

1. *Dandelion seed* may be sown in June; with a rich soil and high culture, it may be sown later in the season.

2. The *seeds of spinach* will germinate in very cool weather, scarcely above freezing, but will fail if too dry or too deeply covered. For cutting up in the fall to be stored in the spinach house, the seed may be sown by Aug. 15th; for wintering in the field we prefer the first two weeks in September. If you have not a sufficient quantity of *fine* manure give the land a dressing of 1,000 lbs. per acre of sulphate of ammonia and 100 lbs. sulphate of potash harrowed or ploughed in lightly near the surface. This will work well if the weather is moist as it usually is in the fall.

3. The *currant* grows best in a rich, deep loam, between high and low land; with good culture we have seen the Red Dutch currant grow to a size that measured one-half of an inch in diameter, but the Versailles are much larger, hardy, good bearers and sell well. The European currant worm can be killed by covering the bushes with fine wood ashes, or air slacked lime; this worm being of a sticky nature, the lime or ashes adheres to them, and thus destroys them, but the American currant having an exceedingly smooth body, neither the lime or ashes will affect them, but a little hellebore dusted on the bushes with a dredging-box is an effectual remedy.

4. There are so many varieties of *strawberries*, and the soil affects them so much, that every cultivator must satisfy himself, by experiments on his own farm, what particular varieties are best for his soil, and which will give the best satisfaction to his customers. The season can be very much lengthened by setting some plants on very warm land, and others on very cold.

5. Tree agents have a wonderful faculty of representing the *Russian apple* better than it has ever yet proved to be; better buy of some reliable nurseryman, whose interest it is to state what he knows to be facts.

6. The *Princess Imperial plum* has many good qualities; the tree is hardy, good grower, and great bearer; the fruit is good size and excellent flavor. As a market fruit it would be hard to find a variety with so many desirable qualities.

7. Scientific men insist that *Paris green* cannot be absorbed by the potato, and that it can be used with safety; but we should recommend handling it with caution, and that but very small quantities be applied, mixed one part to a hundred of flour, plaster or air slacked lime, and on no account use it on fields where small children have access to.

8. *Land is enriched* by growing trees, clover, and many other kinds of vegetation; this is supposed to be done by drawing small quantities of minerals from the soil and large quantities of gases from the air. The leaves of the trees after dropping, and the clover leaves and roots, after being ploughed under, decay, and thus add to the soil a material for feeding plants that was before below the reach of small short-rooted plants, or floating in the air above them. A crop of some kinds of weeds would add to the richness of the soil, but to one who is "often terribly discouraged" it would be poor policy to resort to such means to enrich a farm. Undoubtedly the best way is to let no weeds perfect their seed; a farm once cleared of them ends the fight until they are again introduced by purchasing seed, hay or manure. We once visited a farm on the top of a high hill in New Hampshire that had been tilled so well and so long by the owner that not a single weed could be seen around his hoed crops, or around his barn the first of August. With him the fight was over; his crops were so easily cared for and so abundant that the only discouraging thing we could see was that his barns were too small to hold his crops.—[Ed.

☞ Shade trees are often planted too near to our dwellings, and too thickly, so as to make the house dark and damp and cheerless. Large evergreens are very much out of place on the sunny side of a house, while they form an appropriate screen and windbreak along the cold and exposed sides of our buildings. Set out trees, it is a duty, but set them judiciously.

OXFORD DOWN RAM "FREELAND."

Imported by and Property of T. S. Cooper, "Linden Grove," Coopersburg, Pa.

The Oxford Down Ram Freeland, a portrait of which appears above, was bred by A. J. Mitton Druce, Eng., was hired for the season of 1875 to Mr. John Treadwell, Eng., for 50 gs. (=$262 50.) The following season, 1876, was hired at public auction to T. S. Cooper, Coopersburg, Penn., for the season, at 85 gs. ($446 25)—he (T. S. C.) to pay transportation charges both ways, and Mr. Druce's shepherd's expenses, amounting in all to $654. Owing to the admiration Freeland enlisted in the hearts of American breeders, he was never returned to England, but was purchased the following spring by T. S. Cooper when he was in Europe. The following is what appeared in the Oxford (Eng.) Journal, relative to the Sale and Letting of Mr A. J. M. Druce's Oxford rams:

"Lot 1, Freeland, a two-shear ram, was first put up, his list of victories being as follows: First Prize at the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society's Show at Chipping Norton, 1875; prize of 4 gs. at the same meeting, given by the Duke of Marlborough; First Prize at the Bath and West of England Show at Croydon, in 1875; First Prize at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Taunton, 1875; First Prize at the Oxfordshire at Henley, 1876; Prize of £10 at the same show for the best ram in the county; another of £5 at the same show, (given by E. W. Harcourt, Esq.,) and a Special Prize given by the Duke of Marlborough; First Prize at the Bath and West of England Show, 1876; Champion Prize and First Prize at the Hants and Berks Society's Show at Abingdon, 1876, and First Prize at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Birmingham, relative to the Sale and Letting of Mr A. J. M. Druce's Oxford rams:

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that the sheep was hired to go to America. The biddings commenced at 20 gs.; and then 30, 40, 50 and 60 followed almost immediately, and 85 gs. Mr. Paxton announced that the lot was knocked down to Mr. T. S. Cooper, of Coopersburg, Penn., who would pay the passage of the sheep both ways, and would also insure the animal. Some audible expressions of regret were made that the sheep was going out of the country, and one gentleman remarked that he would have given a deal more had he been aware of it."

The amount of money prizes, exclusive of cups and medals, won by Freeland in two seasons, amount to £105 8s. (equal to $527). Freeland was never shown in America, except at the Centennial, when he won first in his class, as well as sweepstakes, with the best ram of any age in the middle wool class; and was the heaviest sheep at the Centennial, weighing, on his arrival from England, 425 pounds.

Stock Department.

SHORTHORNS FOR MILK.

At the general meeting of the British Dairy-Farming Association, Mr. Finly Dun, in a paper on the subject of Shorthorns as milk producers, held the following views:

He had found that slow feeding cows were good milkers, and that quick feeders produced indifferent milk. In Shorthorns there were different grades, and by some five gallons of milk per day were given. Crossed Shorthorns had proved very valuable as dairy stock, and were much prized in the midland counties; but in London many like the black and white Dutch cows, which, in his opinion, after a time fell away considerably, and entailed a loss in selling out. The Irish went in for Shorthorns and Kerries, and in Scotland, and especially in the West, Ayrshires. In Edinburgh, however, he believed that 60 per cent. of the dairy cows were Shorthorns, valued at from £25 to £30 each, and giving from five to six gallons of milk per day. The great predominence of the milk-producing characteristic of Shorthorn formerly possessed in a high degree. Impressiveness, fixedness, and intensity could only be obtained by judicious selection—by breeding for good points, and eliminating all the objectionable qualities.

There were no less than 600 breeders in the United Kingdom, and over 20,000 cows, and the popularity of the Shorthorn was in no way diminished, for the other day Mr. Strafford obtained an average of 1,700 gs. at Holker, and Mr. Thornton 600 gs. at Dunmore two years ago. Registration had done a great deal to preserve the purity of the Shorthorn. The foundation rule was to prevent over-feeding and undue obesity, and in every way to promote the milking properties. There was nothing to compare with a good pedigree Shorthorn as dairy stock. In Devonshires a cross between a Shorthorn and Hereford made a good distinctive breed, but in his opinion none of these dissimilars answered well for breeding, in which great caution and judgment were required. Mr. Dun had a note from a gentleman who said that he could "not fly in the face of royal judges and go in for milk," and was therefore bent on feeding for show and sale. Pure bred Shorthorns gave richer milk, and the quantity of the cream was affected thereby. Money invested in a few good Shorthorns for dairy stock would in ten years give a better return than any other breed. Mr. Dun, in conclusion, wished the British Dairy Farmers' Association to give the claims of the Shorthorns a little more consideration, and carefully select the qualities that would increase the milk supply.

The Apiary.

BEE-KEEPING AS A BUSINESS.

Mr. James Heddon, of Dowaginac, Mich., in the *Bee Journal* says: Every bee-keeper who has had any experience with the marketing of a crop of honey knows full well, that notwithstanding some dealers and producers have worked hard to make the article somewhat staple and uniform in price, no such thing has yet been done. I conceive that if honey had no flavor, and as little color as possible, that it would then stand upon the merits of its sweetening powers, and would at once have a regular demand at a fixed price, the same as sugars, syrups, etc.

Now from the experience I have had with clear honey, I believe that it would be a very simple job to erect a refinery that would quickly, surely and cheaply remove the flavor and bring the nectar to any desired consistency of flavorless honey. Then the business of bee-keeping would largely turn to producing nectar (not honey) for refineries to make into syrup. We should then for the first time see bee-culture on a solid and respectable basis. An apiary would be as salable as a store or a mill. Capital would look with favor upon it.

How is it now? If you find one who desires to "keep bees," he has probably caught his enthusiasm from some modern bee book, patent hive vender, or supply dealer, nearly all of whom make it a business to talk up the smooth side of the business, somewhat stretched, and in order to make the unknowing heart beat faster, they say, "hardly any capital required," and the consequence is that almost all who try honey producing for a business fail, and those who do not fail, soon see how much better it would have been to have first gathered their knowledge and then to have started with a capital equal to that knowledge, and becoming to a man of some enterprise, and to start just where some one of years of experience leaves off.

I find it easier to sell a few colonies of bees to almost anyone who has a proper mixture of enthusiasm and money. It is just about as easy to forecast the future of that apiary. It is sometimes hard work to dissuade poor and needy men from paying out their last little surplus for one or two colonies of my bees. Last winter was another of the fatal ones in Southern Michigan, and just now I fail to put my hand on a single person who has not been a loser, who has tried bee-keeping in this country within two years. I have taken pains to enquire into the exact condition of colonies that have lived and died about this country. I am still getting at the facts. I think about three-fourths are dead, and many more are weak.

☞ Garbage should never be allowed to accumulate. All that is not fed to fowls or animals on the place, should be kept in closely covered receptacle and carried away frequently.—*Mass. Board of Health.*

The Poultry Interest.

THE WAY TO RAISE GOOD TURKEYS.

[American Stockman.]

In the first place the breeder should curb the ambition common to very many amateur turkey raisers, to have the "largest turkey in the country." For these birds, besides being very hard to bring to maturity, rarely find so ready a sale as those of moderate size; for market purposes the last named are far more profitable than either extreme. To secure the best results select an early-hatched and vigorous young gobbler of handsome proportions; be sure that he is not either over or under size, for either case such fowls are liable to be deformed in some way. A few young hens (not more than five) should be allowed to mate with him; they should be well fed, but not fattened, as they require strengthening, and food of a nourishing character, such as grains, meat and vegetables, often changed and varied as their appetites may demand or require. Old fowls should never, under any circumstances, be used for breeding purposes. The chicks from eggs laid by an old turkey hen (and, indeed, this rule will apply with equal force to any kind of fowl) are generally either over or under size, and greatly lacking in the vitality necessary to birds of such roving habits. Never allow a bird in the breeding-pen that has not some very admirable point which you are desirous of perpetuating, for if the breeder is careless in this matter it will surely reduce the value of future flocks, no matter how pure the blood may be, or how perfect the proportions.

The old-fashioned idea that Summer and Fall-hatched chickens are not profitable to the breeder is exploded, as it should have been long ago. The question of how to get Spring chickens into the market early enough has always been a subject that agitated poultrymen in general; of course, the chickens should be a certain size, but so many fowl raisers who are anxious to catch the top prices make the great mistake of sending their chickens to market before they are large and solid enough to be profitable either to the producer or the customer. Now a few bold breeders with a turn for practical experiments have come to the front, announcing that they have solved the problem of the way to make Spring chickens that are respectable in size come into the market at the time they will pay best. The chicks hatched out from August to November are carefully housed and well fed on nourishing food; they grow up rapidly and well all Winter, and by March they are fine and plump—in fact just the ideal Spring chicken of the American epicure; they can then be marketed with some show of profit to all parties concerned. Of course, if these chickens were supplied in large quantities, it would affect the prices to some extent, but it is certainly worth trying to those already in the business. Without doubt poultry breeding is one of the sadly neglected industries; to a practical mind, however, a few judicious experiments would soon demonstrate that only patient and careful management is essential to success in this as in many other businesses.

BONE-DUST.

[Harris' Talks on Manures.]

Bone-dust, like barnyard manure, does not immediately yield up its nitrogen and phosphoric acid to plants. The bone phosphate of lime is insoluble in water, and but very slightly soluble in water containing carbolic acid. The gelatine of the bones would soon decompose in a moist, porous warm soil, provided it was not protected by the oil and the hard matter of the bones. Steaming removes the oil, and reducing the bones to as fine a condition as possible is another means of increasing their availability. Another good method is to mix the bone-dust with barnyard manure and let both ferment together, and I am inclined to think this is the best, simplest, and most economical method of rendering bones available. The bone-dust causes the heap of manure to ferment more rapidly, and the fermentation of the manure softens the bones. Both the manure and the bones are improved and rendered richer and more available by the process. One ton of good bone-dust contains about as much nitrogen as 8 1-2 tons of fresh stable manure, and as much phosphoric acid as 110 tons of fresh stable manure. But one ton of manure contains more potash than five tons of bone-dust.

ASHES AS A FERTILIZER.

[Chautauqua Farmer.]

We would say that unleached wood ashes, used either alone as a top dressing or in connection with a compost, form a most valuable fertilizer for orchards, young or old. They are rich in potash, one of the elements most needed by fruit trees, and are worth forty cents per bushel for this purpose. Ashes being in a finely divided state, their valuable elements are in a very favorable condition for the action of the roots of plants, and for orchards they have a value fully equal to that of ground bone. To any orchardist who wishes to put his orchard in the best condition at least expense, there is no question but ashes are worth two or three times what soap factories are accustomed to pay for them.

☞ Good feed, whether it be good grass in summer or good hay and grain in winter, with pure water always within reach, will always give good returns, whether the outcome expected be meat, milk, butter or cheese.

The Dairy.

PURE MILK.

[From Drovers' Journal.]

To obtain good, pure and rich milk, the animal that secretes it must enjoy perfect health. Many an infant has sickened and died in consequence of its mother's illness. When the mother's blood has become impure by some chronic illness or inflammatory disease, the milk secreted is proportionately diseased and poisonous—rather than nourishing. Careful, discerning physicians, in such cases, doctor the mother rather than the child. The same common sense should be exercised in securing milk for our children and for the table. We should know something of the sanitary condition of the cows from whence our milk comes. We ought to know that their owner is a conscientious, upright man, of good judgment and one who often examines his stock with special reference to their health, and of his own personal knowledge can affirm that his cows have, not only free access to good, pure water, wholesome food and pure air, but food adapted to the season and suited to keep up the health and vigorous activity of his animals. A healthy cow has always a cool nose, well covered with clear drops of perspiration. When this is absent the animal is feverish and soon its milk will become impure. Cows should be milked at regular intervals—at least twice in twenty-four hours; and large milkers more frequently. Udders kept too long distended not only injure the milk but the animal. The man or woman that does the milking should not only be kind, quiet and soothing in their approach to the cow, but so love his other work that the cow shall recognize in the milker a kind friend. Then, the milk will flow more readily and the milker be able to perform the work quickly; for the sooner the milk is drawn the better for all concerned. Strippings from a fresh calf will complete the work in about five minutes, and a good milker, using both hands, ought to be equally as expert. But the chief prerequisites to pure rich, nourishing, healthful milk are a good milk-producing stock of animals, kept in perfect health by that kind of food and drink, air and exercise best adapted to their nature, condition and surroundings.

If a large proportion of our citizens could be induced to arouse themselves and combine to require of their milkmen undoubted testimony that all their milk come from such sources as above indicated, many who now palm off still-slop milk would lose their occupations and the nurse's bottle would then be supplied with a less dangerous fluid.

CONSTRUCTION OF AN ICE-HOUSE

[New York Times.]

The construction of an ice-house includes the following points, viz.: An air-tight foundation and sides; thoroughly good drainage, but yet not admitting air; a water-tight roof and good ventilation above. If these requisites are secured, the building may be made in any fashion or of any material. A good method is as follows: Raise a brick or stone foundation-wall one foot above ground, and cement around the inside and on the floor, which should be raised at least six inches above the ground level. An S trap should be laid from the centre of the floor, to be hollowed a little for the purpose of collecting the water from the melting of the ice. A sill of 2 by 10 plank is bedded on the wall in cement. Studs of 2 by 8 plank, 12 feet high, are spiked on these, and the outside is boarded up with matched siding or clapboards or boarded up and down and battened. In this case girts of 2 by 4 are spiked to the studs. The inside is covered with resin roof-paper, and boarded up to within a foot of the eaves. The space is then filled with sawdust as dry as possible. A good shingle roof, with broad eaves for shelter from the sun, is made with a ventilating cupola on the top, or, if gabled, a ventilator is made in each gable, the south one being protected from the sun. The doors are made double, and should be tight, to exclude air. There should be one pair of doors above the other, so that ice could be taken out from the upper one at first. A stairway, with landing should be made to reach the upper door. When the house is filled the floor should be covered with a foot of sawdust, and the ice piled in regular and equally-shaped blocks; any spaces should be filled with pounded ice, and no sawdust need be put in between the inner boarding and the ice, but this should be packed closely with pounded ice. While being filled the house should be thrown open, and fine, dry cold weather should be chosen for filling, so as to have the ice dry and hard. The top of the ice should be covered with two feet of sawdust, and the more air that passes over this covering the better will the ice be kept. It is advisable to put in an ample supply, but 50 pounds a day will keep a Cooley creamery of the smallest size at 40 degrees, and 20 pounds a day will be ample to supply a family. The waste may be one-half, so that 150 pounds per day should be put up. For 300 days that would be equal to about 22 tons, or 900 cubic feet, which would be equal to a house 10x9 on the floor, and 10 feet high, inside measurement.

☞ A good country fair, among all its other merits, is an evidence of thrift on the part of the farmers of the county. A poor farmer cares nothing about the fair. He has nothing to exhibit, and he dislikes to attend, for he is reminded by the elegant products which his neighbors display, what failures he and his farm are.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

CHEMISTRY IN HORTICULTURE.

BY PROFESSOR C. A. GOESSMANN.

All who are familiar with the late progress in agriculture cannot fail to recognise the important influence, which chemistry has exerted on our present information regarding the best means and the safest modes of operation to raise remunerative crops. The intelligent farmer questions no more the correctness of the opinion, that it is indispensable, for a continued success in raising any of our ordinary farm crops, to return to the soil, in some form or other, those soil constituents, which the crops carried off have abstracted. To ascertain by chemical analysis the kind and the relative quantities of the mineral constituents contained in the latter is, by general assent, considered the first essential step towards the introduction of a rational mode of manuring the crops under investigation.

Most of our common farm crops have already for years received, on the part of agricultural chemists, a careful attention in that direction; their composition, when raised under various conditions, has been ascertained, and their peculiar action on the soil thus, more or less, definitely pointed out. In many instances, their peculiar mode of growth, under well defined circumstances, has been studied for the purpose of learning, in what particular form, the various forms of the different articles of plant food are best applied in the case of different kinds of soil. The recent successful attempts of controlling the quality of some of those farm crops, which serve for various industrial purposes, have left no doubt about the fact, that their composition, and thus their commercial value can be affected,

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

FAIR TO BE HELD IN WORCESTER, MASS.

Headquarters New England Agricultural Society, } No. 45 Mill Street, Boston, July 7, 1879.

To Farmers, Mechanics, Artizans and all other Persons Interested in the Exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society for the year 1879!

The New England Agricultural Society has perfected an arrangement with the Worcester Agricultural Society, by which a joint exhibition will be held in the City of Worcester, Mass., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, 1879.

The Exhibition will open at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on Tuesday, Sept. 2d, and close on the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 5th.

Correspondence is invited upon any and all subjects connected with the contemplated Exhibition.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary New England Agricultural Society.
Boston, July 22, 1879.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

Secretary Needham, of the New England Agricultural Society, visited Worcester on Tuesday, the 22d, and spent considerable time in consultation with Geo. W. Estabrook, Esq., Secretary of the Worcester Agricultural Society.

The damage by the great gale, on the Fair Grounds, had all been repaired and the extent of the damage was very slight as compared with the representations first made.

It has been decided to hire the Skating Rink for the exhibition in the City—and in this immense building will be placed to a considerable extent the ornamental part of the great exhibition.

This building, being absolutely immense in its proportions, will give abundance of room for the best display of all musical instruments, flowers, and ornamental and household work.

It is determined to make this one of the most important features of the exhibition of 1879.

The Premium Lists are all published and if any of our readers have failed to receive one, a postal card directed Daniel Needham, Boston, or Geo. W. Estabrook, Worcester, Mass., will be immediately responded to.

Everything promises success. The people of Worcester are again active in the manifestation of their interests—and whatever can be done to fill the measure of the public demand upon the New England Fair, will certainly be done.

FARMERS' FOOD.

Farmers ought to be the healthiest and longest lived class of citizens. They are comparatively free from corroding cares, have an abundance of out-door exercise, can go to bed when the hens do, if they please, and take large doses of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," are producers of their own food and have their choice between "brown bread and common doings, and white bread and chicken fixings," are generally temperate in their habits and are seldom exposed to contagious diseases; in short, their occupation and circumstances are such as to warrant life insurance agents in selecting them as the best candidates for purchasing policies. Statistics do, indeed, prove that farmers are longer lived than any other class of men, the registration reports of Massachusetts showing that while the average age of those dying when past the age of twenty, (all classes included) is 50.94, the average age of farmers is 65.13. From this longevity, it might be inferred that the general health of farmers and their families was correspondingly superior to that of other classes. On this point, we have no accurate data that will warrant a definite conclusion. While the doctors disagree as to the general health of farmers' families as compared with others' they are united in affirming that there is more sickness among them than there should be and that the leading diseases are rheumatism, typhoid and other fevers, pulmonary affections and dyspepsia.

Jr. J. F. A. Adams of Pittsfield, who, in 1874, made a report of the health of the farmers of Massachusetts to the State Board of Health, spoke of dyspepsia "as second to none in its prevalence among the wives and daughters of farmers, and also common enough with the farmers themselves, and so much a matter of course that it grows to be regarded rather as a normal condition than a disease." Dr. Adams addressed a series of questions as to the health of the farming community to the leading physicians in different parts of the State, and among these questions was the following: "Are farmers and their families injured in health by the use of improper, insufficient or badly cooked food?" "What improvement could you suggest in their diet?" Some fifty physicians responded to his questions, a great majority of whom criticised the diet of farmers and suggested improvements. It is well to see ourselves as others see us, and we, therefore, quote some short extracts from these responses of the physicians, who look at us from a professional standpoint. Dr. Paddock of Pittsfield, says: "The food of farmers is usually soaked in fat. Beefsteak is fried to a crisp in fat, nearly all other meats are fried, and I think a larger proportion of farmers are dyspeptic than any other class." Dr. Wilcox of Lee, says: "With many farmers, salted meat is an almost constant article of diet, and in the case of pork is usually fried. Boiling or roasting might usually be substituted for frying. The brown varieties of bread, or well kneaded rye or wheat bread might be used in the place of the too common winter course of hot buckwheat griddle-cakes, and the summer one of hot short-cakes, raised with saleratus, and for the everlasting American pastry." Dr. L. R. Stone, says: As to diet, better bread, no pies or doughnuts, no fried meats, more fresh fruits and vegetables, more fresh meat and milk, and baked beans and cornbread, much less frequently." Dr. Miller of Sheffield, suggests: "Adding variety, and banishing pie crusts, cakes cooked in lard, all rich pastries, and fried meats and using less pork." Dr. Hills makes the valuable suggestion of feeding infants with less solid food, and Dr. Kittredge hits the nail on the head when he says: "Farmers eat in too much haste." Dr. Vermilye hits another nail by suggesting: "A reversal of the usual order of selling the best and keeping the worst for home consumption."

Dr. Adams, in summing up the testimony of the physicians, says "The general opinion is, more fresh and less salt meat; less frying and more boiling, broiling and roasting; a greater variety of vegetables and fruits; less pies and cakes; more wholesome, well-kneaded bread raised with yeast; and less tea."

Doubtless there has been a great improvement in the diet of farmers within a few years. Less pork is consumed in their families, and a greater variety of food is to be found on their tables. Still there is a margin for further improvement. More milk and fruit should be used especially by the children. The farmer himself, working as he does most of the time in the open air can digest his fried pork or ham for breakfast and his potluck or pork and beans for dinner, but the wife and children must suffer from such a diet. There is no food so congenial to childhood as milk, and there is no excuse for farmers' children not having a sufficiency of this.

Dr. Kittredge's suggestion that farmers eat in too much haste should also be heeded Food gobbled down, as turkies store away corn in their gizzards, is hard to be digested. A turkey griads his corn after swallowing it, but man must do his grinding in his mouth and thorough mastication is almost as essential to good health as is good food. Farmers will find it good economy to take more time for their meals. The table is the place above all other places for a free family chat, and the loss of time spent in this way—if loss it can be called—will be more than compensated in the saving of doctor's bills.

☞ The Attleboro' Farmers' and Mechanics Association will hold their annual Fair on Sept. 30th, Oct. 1st and 2nd, 1879.

War with the Sioux.—Hostilities with these warlike Indians has broken out. Some trouble seems to have arisen with the Crow Indians, growing out of their unwillingness to affiliate with the Yankton scouts in General Miles employ, a party of one hundred Crows, engaged to join our forces, having refused to cross the river. The Crows are willing enough to aid in running down their natural enemies, the Sioux, but they strongly object to working in common with the Yanktons. General Miles is said to be in the neighborhood of Bear Mountains, with a force not exceeding six hundred men, and some of the customary "old army officers" who, not having won distinction themselves, except for their long term of service, are always ready to doubt the success of more active commanders, predict that he will be "cleaned out" or "get caught." But Gen. Miles is an exceptionally good Indian fighter, and but for the comparatively very slight force he has in his command it might be positively predicted that he would carry victory wherever he went. But even victory will have to be qualified by the question of justice, a question never yet answered by our Government as it should be.

Seed-Bed of Yellow Fever.—A New York paper charges that the harbor of Havana is the seed-bed of all the yellow fever that is brought to the United States, and says that the canal just now most needed in this Western hemisphere is not a canal across the Isthmus between the two oceans, nor across Florida, but a canal in the island of Cuba, cut so as to make a free way for the sea through the harbor of Havana. It says that it is of such great importance that Memphis, New Orleans, Galveston, St. Louis, Mobile and Charleston could afford to pay for it. Perhaps the Government would take an interest in the venture, and even the Spanish government would perhaps give a trifle more than its consent. It is believed that if the sea washed regularly through the harbor of Havana, that city could be kept regularly free from the yellow fever, and that if it were so kept free we should never have that disease in our American ports. Both these opinions have so much probability behind them as to make them worthy of consideration. Our fever infection comes from Havana, or a port infected by Havana, at least nine times in ten, and Havana retains the fever year after year because of bad sanitary conditions, which would be corrected by the drainage of its harbor.

Memorable Storms.—The recent storm of wind, hail and rain sets some people to recasting history: and it is ascertained that the storm of 1703 in England is the most destructive on record. So countless were the wrecks on the southern coast that the beach, for miles together, looked, in the emphatic words of an eye-witness, "like one great timber yard." London had the aspect of a bombarded town, the streets being literally choked with rubbish, and houses gaping roofless and windowless along every thoroughfare An aged Bishop, who had erected in the massive walls of his palace, was literally buried beneath their ruins. At Gravesend, the foreyard of a vessel was driven through the window of a tavern several hundred yards inland, and an uprooted tree was dashed so violently against the front of a house a few miles up the river as to beat it to fragments. But the most memorable catastrophe of that fearful night was the destruction of the first Eddystone Lighthouse, the architect of which, Mr. Winstanley, was himself in it at the time, in fatal accordance with his repeated wish "that he might be inside his own lighthouse in the hardest storm that blew." When morning came, not a vestige of the ill-fated building was left, save the iron stanchions which held it to the rock.

Mr. Beecher on Going to School.—In his last Sunday's sermon, preparatory to absenting himself on his annual vacation until October, Mr. Beecher was pleased to call up some of the reminiscences of his childhood days. He said: "For myself, I hated the school. I hated it in my mind, I hated it in my body, I hated it in my affections. I had no religious nature, so I could not hate it in that. I hated school, and yet there came a summer in old Litchfield when in spite of tears and protestations I was sent out of the house and to school, and there I found a schoolmarm—comely, though with very pale face, and young—not over eighteen years old—who met me at the door and patted me on the head and played with my curly hair (I used to have very beautiful curls—it was a long time ago), and sat me down by her feet and made me happy. She was taken sick and died, but while she taught was the only pleasant time I ever had in school. There is no economy so penurious, no wrong so intolerable as that which cuts down the pay of the teacher, and simply because they with whom they have to do are only children. Only children! Whose children? Your children, my children, God's children, the sweetest blossoms in the garden of the world, for whom angels may be proud to do service." Those who have the care and guidance of children may perhaps derive a hint from this single reminiscence, and proceed to govern themselves accordingly.

Criminals in Court.—Outside of a very few of the older States, the dignity of justice is very slightly observed, in its administration, as compared with the judicial practices of other States. Even in New York there is great occasion for criticism. A leading journal of New York City remarks that in frontier settlements it may be necessary for judge, jury, prisoner and counsel to sit cheek by jowl during criminal investigations; but in a metropolis in which we provide a dais for the judge, a railed and conspicuous desk for the clerk and well-appointed partitions for the jurymen there can be no possible reason why a distinct box or dock should not be provided for a prisoner even at the risk of now and then injuring the sensibilities of an innocent man. We assume that this matter lies with the court itself, and surely no argument can be needed to convince a court which is alive to its own dignity that it ought to prevent in the future the recurrence of this indecorous spectacle of a confessed marander and robber, and of a presumable although not yet convicted murderer, sitting and chatting and smiling in court almost in actual contact with some of the most reputable men and women in the city.

A Mennonite Arrival.—These peaceful Russians continue to come over to this country, a party of several hundred having landed at the steamer dock opposite New York last week. A New York paper of the following day says that the pier of the North German Lloyd at Hoboken was rendered picturesque by the camping out of 336 Russian Mennonites who arrived on the steamship Mosel from Bremen. A remarkable fact about the party is the number of children included in it. Some of the couples have as many as twelve. At ten o'clock last night men, women and children lay asleep flat on the pier ranged in long rows with walking ways between, others were stretched out upon bales and boxes of merchandise and in three or four places men sat in groups of five or six, talking in subdued tones. Only the glare of camp fires, a little rurality and the stormy sky overhead were lacking to make a typical wild Western scene such as would have fired the heart of Captain Mayne Reid. The Mennonites come from the neighborhood of Odessa and represent a capital of over $400,000. Among them are sixty families, having 213 children. They are a remarkably fine looking party.

John Braham's Daughter.—A daughter of the popular tenor singer of the last generation had the happiness to marry four fortunes successively, and in one case a title also. She has recently died at the age of only fifty-eight years, and all London is lamenting her demise. Frances, Countess Waldegrave, was the subject of what an English author, in his "Curiosities and Law of Wills," has called "the most graceful tribute to a wife's character, as given in a will, that we know of." Her third husband, in his testament, proved in March, 1862, thus spoke of her: "The unspeakable interest with which I constantly regard Lady Waldegrave's future fate induces me to advise her earnestly to unite herself again with some one who may deserve to enjoy the blessing of her society during the many years of her possible survival after my life. I am grateful to Providence for the great happiness I enjoy in her singular affection, and I pray and confidently hope she may long continue to possess the esteem and friendship of those who are intimate with her and can appreciate her admirable qualities and the respect of all with whom in any relation of life she is connected."

READ AND RUN.

— The Common Council has adjourned for the rest of the summer.

— A little girl in Biddeford had her leg cut off by a mowing-machine, one day last week.

— A negro recently hanged for murder, in Mississippi, dropped a handkerchief as the signal for the fall of the trap on which he stood haltered.

— Giving dinners to noted persons is the current style at Newport.

— The yellow-fever panic is rapidly taking possession of the Mississippi Valley, and business is suffering severely in consequence.

— There has been much excitement in the Chicago wheat market for a week or more past.

— The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that Alleghany County is liable for all damages done during the Pittsburg riots in July, 1877, the amount of which is set down at three million dollars.

— The shoe-bottomers of Worcester have been on a strike.

— The New Hampshire legislature passed, at its late session, ninety-four acts and forty-one joint resolutions.

— Ten millions of four per cent. Government bonds were shipped to London last Saturday from New York.

— The fastidious feminine bather of the season is described as being attired in hat, stockings and shoes, and even corsets, besides her regular bathing suit, and even bracelets have been seen on her arm.

— Croquet has never become popular in France.

— Mr. Conway writes that a modified species of devil-worship still exists in England.

— Concord, Mass., has just opened a summer school of philosophy, at which lectures are read by a number of noted persons of culture and study, and intellectual conversations are carried on.

— The equilibrium of industries has almost been completely restored in this section, by the large emigration of mechanics and operatives to the agricultural West.

— Gen. Miles has gone to meet Setting Bull with an army of less than a thousand men.

— The United States have been giving England about all it wants to do of late, in walking, racing, rowing, trailing and shooting.

— There was a gathering at the mountains, last week, of representative teachers from twenty different States, to commemorate the fiftieth annual meeting of the American Institute.

— The recent annual report of the trustees of the Public Library proposes a new building at a not distant day, the present one being reserved for kindred uses. It will naturally be erected in the Back Bay.

— Apparently, it was because Judge Elliott of Kentucky declined to take a drink with Tom Buford, that the latter fatally shot him when coming out of the court-house.

— Canadian troops are not to be sent to fight the Zulus.

— The Duke of Argyle made but a brief stay in this country, having sailed for home last week.

— The South American republics all appear, like Vesuvius, to be in a state of eruption.

— An arrow ballooon has been invented, to help amuse the people who go to Newport for summer recreation.

— The Saratoga hotels are rapidly filling up, and it is voted to be almost the height of the season.

— While trying a case in the court-room, in this city, Judge Aldrich improved the opportunity to call the attention of the jury, bar, witnesses, and spectators to the eminently unfit condition of the apartments for judicial uses.

— Postmaster-General Key and party paid a visit to Boston and vicinity last week.

— There are much fewer failures in business this year than last, and for much less amounts.

— A daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton is to be one of the lecturers of the coming season.

— A modern description of a New York cobbler who has drawn a prize in a lottery, states that he has been living "very quietly." It might have been suspected.

— Bites from mad dogs are now quoted as rare as some other occurrences.

— The New York Board of Health announces that no extraordinary precautions are necessary to preserve New York from the scourge of the South.

— President Robins, of Colby University, Me. preached on Sunday last, as the annual baccalaureate sermon, a memorial discourse on the late Gardiner Colby, of this city, for whom the institution was named.

— There were 144 deaths in the city last week.

— Our clothing manufacturers are said to be cutting up a good deal more material for Fall wear than they did a year ago.

— The City Missionary Society is vigorously pushing its work this summer.

— The proprietors of Young's Hotel propose to contest the game law of the State as applied to woodcock purchased from beyond the State limits.

— A single firm in the city sold sixteen thousand panes of glass on the day after the hailstorm of last week.

— According to a Halifax paper, the smuggler is now to have his day all along the front of the Dominion.

— There is talk again of erecting an appropriate monument to the patriot Sam Adams on the site of the Old State House.

— Specimens of brocade silk, manufactured in this country, are shown around that are equal to the best product of the Lyons looms.

— Bi-metallism means simply accepting, by international agreement, both gold and silver in a certain relation to each other; and when so accepted, they would be able to maintain that relation.

— The Earl of Airlie, who is a Scotch landlord thinks that the English farmer has nothing to fear from the 5th country in consequence of the exportation of either grain or cattle.

— The use of deadly drugs is said by good authority to have become so much extended, that an entirely new class of diseases has come into being in consequence.

— The New Hampshire legislature, on a recent vote, showed a majority of only fourteen against the abolition of capital punishment, in a total vote of 186.

— A plague of rats is said to be causing widespread distress in India.

— The Russian army was defeated, only a few weeks ago, by a flight of locusts.

— Western papers are trying to seriously reprehend the tornado for leaving home to pay an afternoon visit to Massachusetts.

— Mining continues to absorb the surplus enthusiasm of the people living Down East.

— Secretary Sherman paid the city a flying visit on Tuesday last.

— Mr. Bergh suggests to his agents in New York, that when they are threatened with the policemen's clubs they shall club back again.

— The annual convention of the Bankers Association is to be held on the 6th of August, at Saratoga, and will probably continue from Wednesday to Friday.

— The negro, Cox, who murdered Mrs. Hull, has had a stay of proceedings in his case granted, and consequently, he is not likely to be hanged for his crime before next year.

— The revolution in Hayti is at an end. It broke out in the legislative body with a free use of pistols, and spread until some eighty buildings in Port-au-Prince were burned and a large number of the leading public men were killed.

— The opinion is gaining ground in England that the secession of the Australian colonies from imperial control is but a matter of time, and of only a few years at that.

☞ The *Massachusetts Children's Protective Society* have published their first annual report, giving a detailed account of the object of the organization, the By-Laws of the Society, names of officers, lists of contributors, etc., together with a description of some of the most marked cases which have come under their immediate notice. Donations or subscriptions may be sent to Frederick S. Cabot, Rialto Building, No. 131 Devonshire Street. All persons having knowledge of cases of abuse or cruelty to children, are requested to report them to the rooms of the Society at No. 8 Hamilton Place.

☞ J. R. Kendrick, Superintendent of the Old Colony Railroad, has issued a handsomely printed twelve page circular describing many beautiful routes for summer excursionists, giving price of round trip. Among the places named are the White Mountains, Saratoga, Newport, New York, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, the coal and iron regions of Pennsylvania, Lake George (via. Hudson River), Long Branch, Manhattan Beach, etc. We advise our readers to send for circulars before deciding where to go.

☞ Edwin Alden's advertising agency, 174 Elm St, Cincinnati, Ohio, has recently published a catalogue of American newspapers containing a complete list of all daily, weekly and monthly newspapers and magazines published in the United States, together with the population of the city or town where published, the number of their circulation etc. "The whole thing being especially arranged for the convenience of advertisers."

☞ We have received from N. W. Ayer & Son of Philadelphia, an illustrated catalogue of Printers' materials, containing pictures and descriptions of different styles of printing presses, "Longley's Time Maller," card cutters—in short all that would be needed for a complete printer's outfit.

"OAK BLUFFS."

The "Sea View" Hotel—Evidences of Thrift—The Katama Railroad—Buzzard's Bay, etc., etc.

OAK BLUFFS, July 17, 1879.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

For the first time in the season of 1879 we are at Oak Bluffs. We are at the "Sea View," that magnificent hotel which commands a water front, by hotel and promenade of nearly a half a mile. The season is not yet at its height; in fact has strong evidences of rapid growth, but the full development will be from two to four weeks later.

The Old Colony Railroad has now full control of the connections to Oak Bluffs—and they are meeting the demands of travel in a most acceptable manner. The boats as well as the cars are run on exact time by experienced and careful men, and late and early trains accommodate the business men from Boston and suburban Boston in the most satisfactory manner.

The "Cottage City," as it is so well called, is still growing, and in the Camp Ground the evidences of thrift are unmistakable. A new and grand iron structure is taking the place of the old sail cloth tabernacle, and the new structure is rapidly approximating completion. Nearly all the cottages are already occupied, and the lonely words "To let" are of quite infrequent occurrence in our rambles over the grounds of this rest-seeking community.

The freedom from richness is marvellous, and in a conversation with a physician who locates here for summer practice, he let drop the remark that it was distressingly healthy.

H. N. Brownell has bought the Sea View, and as of old it is splendidly kept and well filled with first class guests.

The little Katama Railroad—like a child's plaything—attracts the attention of visitors, and furnishes hours of recreation and amusement. Just now it is open only to Edgartown, but arrangements are being perfected to open it to Katama in a few days. The expenses of an excursion trip from the Bluffs to Edgartown are so small that crowds go every day, not only to see this quaint old town of the ancient time, but to get the broad sea view which the trip furnishes as the road winds for six miles by the beautiful beach which forms the land side of the great Atlantic. As we rode a few days since over this delightful road, breathing in the pure ocean air, and gathering for our wasted energies the strength which pure ocean air alone can give, we counted scores of vessels, sailing and steaming over the trackless deep, carrying to distant and nearer homes luxuries and comforts which will build up in joy and happiness many a home where shadow instead of sunshine would linger if the white-winged messengers of commerce were not employed in their civilizing labor.

Since our last visit a magnificent building has been erected close to the Sea View, and skirting the ocean, for a skating rink. As we approached the Bluffs in the early evening, the flags floating from this great building, representing as they do every nationality, and the brilliant lights glimmering from the many windows and openings on the ocean side, and strains of delicious music from the orchestra employed by the Rink Association, wafted across the blue wave to welcome our boat-load of passengers, eye and ear were so delighted that the scene appeared more like a delightful dream than a stern reality.

The beautiful sail across Buzzard's Bay is of itself worthy of a letter, but we have no time to dwell further at present upon our fascinating temporary home on the island of Martha's Vineyard. MORE ANON.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN PARIS.

A NEW PHASE OF SOCIAL AMUSEMENT IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

[From Paris Letter.]

A fair American living in Paris has introduced a striking novelty in social amusement—a ladies' party. She lately assembled, said the *Parisian*, some 50 of her own sex by special invitation at a matinee, which was so successful that there is every likelihood of her repeating the experiment. There was not a black coat in the room, not even a coat of any kind, for the very men servants were shut out, and the waiting was done by the maids. The entertainment was, of course, given "for the pleasure of the company" of the persons invited, but another motive—let us say one of honorable revenge—was not altogether a stranger to it. It had been said at the parties usually given by the lady in question her feminine guests received but scant attention. Her answer to this charge was to send out the cards for the matinee. They were very dainty cards; there was an engraving of a tea-pot in one corner, to give a hint of the general character of the entertainment. The tea-pot on the card, it appears, was in the nature of a pious fraud. There was tea, indeed, in the salon, but there was much more in the buffet, to which the ladies were led as they entered the room—always by the hostess, for even the sacred name of husband was no passport to the premises during those still more sacred hours. The feast of reason that followed was of a mixed description. There was the talk aforesaid, which may be called the champagne of it, and for a somewhat more solid dish there was a comedy of Gondinet, performed by Mademoiselle Rejane and other artists from the Vaudeville. Here again the entertainment was by women for women. The company contained feminine characters only; the scene was laid in the modern period, and the actresses dressed their parts with splendid effect. But the great success of the matinee is said to have been reserved for a recitation of the monologue of Gondinet, "Oh Monsieur." The idea is that a young girl just going into the world has been schooled by her mother into the exceptional value of the above ejaculation. She is to use it whenever a gentleman speaks to her, and she will find it much safer than "yes" or "no." "It may mean anything," says the good dame. The young lady is of the same opinion; and by her manner of saying it she knows how to make it mean everything. So she enjoys the double pleasure of obeying her mother to the letter and at the same time of speaking her mind. This was delivered with so much taste that it raised a perfect storm of approbation, out of those storms that are brewed in tea cups—*cela va sans dire*. Then—we are still quoting the "impressions" on which we present our case—the actresses went into the petit salon for refreshment, and were at once surrounded by a troop of admirers who had followed them with all the ardor of an altroupement behind the scenes. A speech from Rejane, as full of flowery compliment as if it had been whispered by a courtier into a lady's ear, brought this novel experiment to a close. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* Ladies' parties may be expected to be the rage in both hemispheres in the course of another year.

It Never Rains in Colorado.

[Denver Correspondence.]

It used to be said, before the settlement of the country and breaking up of the soil, etc., "It never rains in Colorado." This could be said without fear of much contradiction. All this is changing apparently. Every succeeding year notes the fall of more rain than the previous year. I have been here since the last of March, and I will venture to say that as much rain has fallen in Colorado as in Connecticut during the same period. All the "old Barnacles," as the old settlers ("59ers") are called, were with increased astonishment and disgust the prevalence of rain storms in this usually dry section. Of course the farmers of the State enjoy the prospective change. The time may come when the necessity of irrigation will not be felt as now. The interests of agriculture in this State are to a considerable degree overshadowed by the mining interests, and in consequence their importance is but slightly understood beyond the boundaries of the State. But a small portion of the State is susceptible of cultivation, and the success of raising good crops has depended heretofore and does now to a large extent depend upon an organized system of irrigation. And in those portions of Colorado and in the San Louis valley and in other localities in the southern part of the State where proper provisions have been made for irrigation, nowhere can be found more bountiful harvests or beautiful fields.

— China is spudging up, and thinks she will try her hand at a war with Russia, in the expectation of coming off better than Turkey did.

OBITUARY.

OSCAR F. BARRON.

The death of Oscar F. Barron, Esq., of Quechee, Vermont, is one well deserving an elaborate notice. Mr. Barron died in the prime of life—in the maturity of a noble and most exemplary manhood, leaving behind to mourn his loss, not only a bereaved family but thousands of warm friends who were attached to him by his unselfish and noble life. Mr. Barron was not only a man of great business but a great business man. He was one of two brothers—the senior Asa T. who many years since established in the country and mountain sections of New England palatial hotels kept in first class city style. His labor never seemed directly to make money—but to meet a great popular want—and with this view he built a hotel at White River Junction and subsequently purchased, beautified and greatly enlarged the Twin Mountain Hotel and the Crawford House. Both of these houses have a National reputation and he was largely instrumental in giving it to them.

Although Mr. Barron never kept a hotel as a landlord but only as a capitalist, his watchful eye followed every detail of the hotel life and nothing was neglected which enterprise and genius could supply.

Mr. Barron was a man of much culture and literary taste and his acquirements in this regard made him an ever welcome guest in the highest circle of social life.

He will be missed in a thousand ways by the great public; and he will be sadly missed by the dear ones he has left behind him—the members of his h arth and home.

One sister and one brother survive him. The sister, the wife of Charles Tinkham, Esq., of Quechee, one of Vermont's prominent scientists and geologists—the brother Asa T. who will probably continue the enterprises which the deceased has done so much to inaugurate.

☞ The second annual fair of the North Georgia Stock and Fair Association will be held at Oglethorp Park, Atlanta, Ga., commencing Monday, Oct. 20, 1879, and continuing one week. We have received a premium list, giving full information on the subject. B. W. Wrenn (General Passenger Agent of the Western and Atlantic Railroad) is Secretary of the Association.

☞ The "*Wilson Patent Invalid Self-Propelling Chair*," advertised in our columns, and to which we invite the attention of our readers, is manufactured of the best of material, with wheels made purposely for the chair. It is of the most practable durability and strength, ornamental in appearance, and simple in its construction. Its peculiar merits commend it to the favor of all who may require a chair of this character, for it very justly claims preference over other inventions now in use for similar purposes, being superior in appearance and construction to any invalid chair now before the public.

HONORED AND BLESSED.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that *great medicine*, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all its benefactors.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

No "dictionaries," no "chromos," no "solid silver spoons," but the invaluable boon of good health, to the matchless premium offered, and guaranteed to all ladies that suffer with those aggravating diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex, if Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription be used as directed. Ladies, shall yourselves no longer to the use of the knife and caustic The Favorite Prescription has revolutionized that branch of medical practice, and wrought your complete emancipation from the protracted pain and suffering of the past.

KILLMORE, Ind., March 20th, 1878.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—Your Favorite Prescription has worked wonders in my family. Yours truly, GRACE CHOATE.

422 Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., } June 10th, 1878.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—My wife was a hopeless invalid for nearly 20 years. Your Favorite Prescription has cured her. Thankfully yours, R. T. MCCAY.

☞ A lady full of animation said to us "I have not been able to work constantly during the hot weather for many years. This summer I have taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have been vigorous and strong through the hot weather, and have worked every day, and feel as smart and active now as can be." This is only one of many wonderful Stories told over our counter of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done. C. I. HOOD & Co, Lowell, Mass.

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

July 23, 1879, at 3 P. M.

As Corrected by Brewster, Basset & Co., No. 35 Congress Street.

	Bid.	Asked.
Water Power	2	1-16
Boston Land	4	4½
Atch. & Top. 1st, 7's	114	115
Do. Land grant 7's	113	115½
Do. 2d 7's	—	—
Do. Land 2d's	100	—
Eastern R. R., 8's	78	78½
Hartford & Erie 7's	34	3-16 34 5-16
Union Pacific 6's	109½	—
" " Land grant	—	—
" " S. Fund 6's	111½	—
Atchison & Topeka R. R.	98	—
Boston & Albany R. R.	—	135½
Boston & Maine R. R.	118	—
Burlington & Miss. in Neb.	116½	116¾
Chi. Bur. & Quincy R. R.	118	118½
Cin. San. & Cleveland	74	75
Eastern R. R.	16	—
Michigan Central R. R.	—	—
Old Colony R. R.	105½	106
Phil. Wilm. & Baltimore	—	—
Ogdensburgh & L. Champ.	17½	17¾
Calumet & Hecla	290	—
Quincy	123	—

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

	Bid.	Asked
Gold	100	—
1881's	104½	104¾
5-20's 1865, July	—	—
5-20's 1867, July	—	—
5-20's 1868, July	—	—
Ten-Forties	—	—
New-Five's	102½	102¾
Currency, 6's	122	—
4½'s Coupon	106½	106¾
4½'s Reg.	106	106½
4's Coupon	101½	101¾
4's Reg.	101½	101¾

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 12th inst., by Rev. E. Chenery, Mr. John Frossard of Natick, to Miss Ellen Murray of Boston.

In this city, 17th inst., by Rev. Edward Osborne, Mr. George D. Clarke to Miss Alice Marah, both of this city.

In South Boston, 20th inst., by Rev. C. W. Emerson, Mr. George W. Tuckerman to Miss Catherine M. Kingsbury of Brookfield, Vt.

In Jamaica Plain, 11th inst., by Rev. S. S. Mathews, Mr. J. J. Taylor to Miss Rosa Maria Starkey, both of Jamaica Plain.

In Watertown, 16th inst., by Rev. Edward A. Capen, Mr. Herbert E. Davidson to Miss Sarah F. Coolidge, both of Watertown.

In Watertown, 16th inst., by Rev. T. W. Bishop, Mr. George E. Howes to Miss Lizzie Jennison.

In East Boston, 15th inst., by Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. Charles S. Colby to Miss Elizabeth C. Stretton, both of Boston.

In Lynn, 15th inst., by Rev. James L. Hill, Mr. Alfred L. Prescott to Mrs. Mary G. Lancey, all of Lynn.

In Newburyport, 3d inst., by Rev. Mr. Beckley, Mr. John W. Stevens to Miss Mary K. Laws.

In Hesbondale, Mo., 14th inst., by Rev. N. A. Avery, Mr. William P. Norton of Medfield, Mass., to Miss Sardell Veasey of Ilesborough, Mo.

In Goffstown Centre, N. H., 17th inst., by Rev. J. H. Nichols, Mr. Calvin Lyman of Goffstown, to Miss Emma Wilson of New Boston, N. H.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 20th inst., by Rev. J. C. Ager, Mr. George D. Wildes of Ipswich, Mass., to Miss Blanche Howard, daughter of the late William Jones of Brooklyn.

DEATHS.

In this city, 16th inst., Lydia W., wife of Cyrus P. Gould, 68 years 9 months.

In this city, 16th inst., Ellen Green, 84 years.

In this city, 18th inst., James Morris, 77 years, and his grandson, James Morris, 13 years, victims of the recent accident on the New York and New England Railroad.

In Boston Highlands, 21st inst., Mrs. Lydia A. Swett, 53 years, wife of Jeremiah M. Swett.

In Dorchester, 17th inst., Mrs. Montgomery Newell.

In Charlestown District, 16th inst., Elizabeth T., daughter of Richard and Mary Stokes, 30 yrs 6 mos.

In Bunker Hill District, Samuel Easter, 62 years.

In Bunker Hill District, 18th inst., Joseph B. Wright, 74 years 10 months.

In Cambridge, 21st inst., James Winthrop Harris, 73 years 4 months.

In Cambridgeport, 16th inst., Willis C. Hamlen, 56 years 8 months 20 days.

In Chelsea, 2 st inst., Benjamin G. Winter, 36 years 8 months 15 days.

In Brighton, Mass., 16th inst., Eunice Taft White, 33 years 11 months.

In Hull, 16th inst., Charles F. Bacon, 38 years.

In Hull, 16th inst., Gustavus V. Churchill, 67 yrs.

In Acton, 16th inst., Deacon John Fletcher, 80 yrs.

In Braintree, 17th inst., James Warren Hawes, 21 years 9 months.

In Danvers, 18th inst., Walter W. Ruggles, 47 years 9 months.

In Quincy, 19th inst., Harriet Augusta, wife of Alvin Rogers, 61 years.

In Littleton, Mass., 17th inst., Mrs. Sarah E. Smith, 63 years.

In Foxborough, 18th inst., Laura A., wife of William B. Crocker, and daughter of the late Nehemiah Carpenter, 42 years 5 months 27 days.

In Red Brook, Plymouth, 18th inst., Rebecca, widow of Israel Nickerson, 87 years 11 months 7 days.

In New Bedford, 16th inst., Henry T. Leonard, 61.

In New Bedford, 17th inst., Alice K., widow of William L. Edwards, 70 years 10 months.

In New Bedford, 17th inst., John R. Macomber, 71 years 9 months 2 days.

In Salem, 14th inst., Mrs. Mehitable S. Smith, widow of the late Amos Smith, 70 years 9 months.

In Salem, 15th inst., Samuel B. Howe, 61 years.

In Berlin, 16th inst., Joseph T. Cheney, 34 years 9 months.

In Amherst, 19th inst., Addie, 28 years, wife of Eldridge Cooke.

In Worcester, 20th inst., Myron A. Clifford, 28 yrs.

In Warwick, 81st inst., Caleb W. Hastings, 84 y'rs.

In Poland Springs, Me., 19th inst., Daniel Lawrence of Medford, Mass., 82 years.

In Biddeford, Me., 14th inst., Richard M. Chapman, formerly of Boston, 68 years.

In Lebanon Centre, Me., 13th inst., Oliver W. Shapleigh of Boston, 38 years 9 months.

In Hollis, N. H., 18th inst., Rachel A. Noyes, 81.

In Brattleboro', Vt., 20th inst., Joseph A. Stevens, 60 years, a native of Warwick.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 18th inst., Gilman Davis, Esq., late of Boston, 80 years 8 months 19 days.

In New York City, 17th inst., James A. Dale, formerly of Boston.

In New York, 19th inst., Mrs. Nellie, wife of George H. Sargent, 43 years 9 months.

In Baltimore, Md., 17th inst., Mrs. Rebecca Turner Livingston of Boston.

In Geneva, Switzerland, 6th inst., Martha B. Wheaton, daughter of the late Hon. Henry Wheaton, LL. D.

STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

The following State Fairs and other important shows are announced for the autumn of 1879:

New England, Worcester, Mass.....Sept. 2 to 5
American Institute, New York.....Sept. 15 to Dec. 1
Am. Pomological, Rochester, N. Y...Sept. 17 to 19
California, Sacramento.....Sept. 8 to 13
Canada Central, Guelph.....Sept. 15 to 19
Colorado, Denver.....Sept. 23 to 27
Connecticut

FOREIGN CATTLE TRADE.

LAIRAGE AND SLAUGHTER-HOUSE ACCOMMODATION AT BIRKENHEAD.

[From the Liverpool Mercury, June 14.]

During the last twelve months the foreign cattle trade of the Mersey has assumed enormous proportions, and the public generally may not be aware of the extensive provision made by the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board to encourage and foster a trade which is of such vast importance to the nation at large. Some of the finest and most powerful Atlantic steamers are now fitted up specially for the conveyance of cattle and other live stock to this port, and no doubt the immense importation has tended to reduce the price of butchers' meat, which a few years ago was scarcely within the purchasing power of the masses of the people, owing to its dearness.

The trade practically commenced in the early part of 1878, although a few cargoes of cattle arrived in the previous year. Seeing the trade was becoming one of great magnitude, the Dock Board in October last ordered large accommodation to be provided on the north side of the Wallasey Pool, at Birkenhead, for about 800 head of cattle. Spacious brick sheds, fitted up with every necessary convenience were accordingly constructed as quickly as possible, and the cattle landed were despatched by railway to London and other large towns in the country. At the end of January last, however, a cargo of cattle brought from the United States was found to be affected with pleuro-pneumonia, and in consequence, the Privy Council issued an order scheduling that country—in other words, ordering all cattle imported from the United States to be slaughtered within ten days at the port of debarkation. This order, which was to come in operation on the 1st of March, was issued with a view of preventing the spread of the disease amongst English herds. Up to this time the Dock Board had provided no slaughtering accommodations; but when the order for slaughtering cattle was issued, directions were immediately given for the erection of slaughter-houses at the Wallasey Dock lairs, and in about three weeks accommodation was provided for killing 120 beasts a day. Since then additional extensive lairage and slaughter-house accommodation has been provided on the land formerly known as the Woodside enclosure, and when we state that about £20,000 has been voted for the construction of lairs and slaughter-houses on the Cheshire side, it will be seen that the owners of the Dock Board have been anxious to afford every facility and accommodation to this growing and important trade.

A description of the accommodation provided by the dock board for the foreign cattle trade may prove interesting not only to cattle dealers and butchers, but to the public at large. We will begin with the lairs at the Wallasey Dock. Steamers from the United States debark their cargoes of cattle at the Wallasey stage, which is 350 feet by 72 feet wide. The animals on being landed are taken up the north bridge and have a paved "run," strongly barricaded on each side, which is laid down parallel for a distance of 750 feet. The "run" leads up to the lairs, which consist of four brick-built enclosed sheds, having slate roofs, covered with zinc. A continuous range of skylights give ample light, and excellent ventilation is afforded from the roofs and sides of the buildings. Each shed is 200 feet long and 62 feet wide, and at the highest point the height of the roof is 16 feet. The floors are laid in strong concrete. The cattle are placed longitudinally in four rows in each shed, and they are tied to a beam extending the length of the shed. Water and feeding troughs run parallel with the beam. Between each row there is a passage for the purpose of supplying fodder and for examining the animals. At night each shed is well lighted with three gas standards. All the fittings and appliances are of a very substantial character; and sheds are well drained and are kept thoroughly clean and comfortable. At the end of each lair there is a shed for storing hay and other provender.

The slaughter-houses are constructed on the north side of the lairs, and are divided from the latter building by a spacious yard, 150 feet wide. The Privy Council, to whose orders at the place of debarkation and subsequent operation, the dock board first directed, require a slaughter-house—a substantial and commodious structure—180 feet long, 27 feet wide, and 22 feet high at the highest point. This slaughter-house, which was erected in three weeks, has four killing pools, and in it there can be slaughtered 140 head of cattle in a day. The structure is fitted up with 140 pens for hanging 190 cascasses, and all the arrangements appear to be of the most approved description. Owing to the rapid increase in the trade, the dock board found it necessary to provide additional slaughtering accommodation, and they have built three other slaughter-houses at the west end of the building, which was first erected for this purpose. In these three additional slaughter-houses 126 beasts may be killed in a day, and there is hanging accommodation for 180 carcases.

It may be stated that the arrangements with regard to the slaughter-houses have been carried out from the suggestions of gentlemen long engaged in the trade, and they have also met with the approval of the Government Inspector and other officials. The meat is removed from the north side of the slaughter-houses by railway wagons, and on the other side by carts and other vehicles. In addition to the present accommodation for storing meat, a large shed, in three divisions, is now being built at the end of the slaughter-house, in which there will be a space for hanging about 200 carcases. At the west end of the slaughter-houses there is a store for receiving the blood of the slaughtered animals, the shed being 30 feet long by 16 feet wide. Attached to the general buildings are comfortable offices for the Inspector, the Government Inspector, and cattle salesmen. The four lairs at the Wallasey Dock will accommodate 1,000 beasts. These have come to the accommodation for years, which is included by the Privy Council, are ordered to be kept at the port of debarkation, on the 15th ultimo. The building erected for the lairage and slaughter depot is No. 3 shed, on the north side of the Wallasey Dock, and at a short distance from the cattle lairs. This shed, which was originally built for the storage of general purposes, has an internal area of 2,245 square yards, or about half an acre. It is 210 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 41 feet in height. Immediately after the order for scheduling pigs was received from the Privy Council, the Dock Board gave direction to adapt a portion of this spacious building for slaughtering purposes, and in about 30 days the place was supplied with movable bullock pens, scalding tubs, dressing tables, and hooks for hanging 150 carcasses. Indeed, the whole of the accommodation is of the most ample description. At night the shed is lighted with three sunlights, each of which has 18 burners, and, besides, lamps are supplied by the Dock Board officials, if required, when the process of slaughtering is going on. Outside of the shed a locomotive is used to generate steam to heat the boilers of the scalding tubs. To give an idea of the extent of the slaughtering carried on in the shed, it may be stated that 600 pigs were killed and dressed in 48 hours. No. 2 shed, adjoining the pig shed, has been set apart for the accommodation of any overflow of cattle from the lairs.

We now come to the lairage accommodation provided by the Dock Board on the land formerly known as the Woodside enclosure, close to Woodside Ferry. Here two spacious brick-built lairs receive the cattle, which are landed from the steamers at the north end of the Woodside landing stage. Each lair is 160 feet long by 120 feet wide, and the arrangements are of the same complete description as those at the Wallasey Dock lairs. The lairs erected at Woodside were originally intended for the temporary reception of cattle from unscheduled countries, prior to their slaughtered upon being landed. Owing, however, to the order of the Privy Council, the building has been utilized for cattle arriving to be slaughtered on debarkation. The lighting and ventilation of these two commodious lairs, which will have accommodation for about 1,000 head of cattle, are admirable. The animals are ranged longitudinally in eight rows, a wide passage being left between each row. A portion of the lair on the west side has been fitted up as a temporary slaughter house, with accommodation for killing four beasts at a time. Here the space for slaughtering purposes appears to be a little cramped; but seeing that the accommodation was improvised in three days, the dock officials deserve great credit for the completeness of the arrangements. Six new slaughter houses, with a blood store and engine-house, are in the course of construction on the land between the lairs and the Woodside floating bridge, so that when these are erected, the accommodation for slaughtering purposes will be of the most extensive character. At each of the lairs there are hay and provender sheds, and when the buildings are all completed a double line of railway will be laid down between the slaughter houses and the most store for the purpose of facilitating the despatch of carcasses to various parts of the country. As the Privy Council has issued an order to slaughtering sheep upon being landed, these animals are sent into the country alive without any detention.

The number slaughtered at the Wallasey Dock lairs from the beginning of March last up to the present has been 8,612 head of cattle and 1,850 pigs, whilst the number of cattle slaughtered at the Woodside lairs during the three weeks they have been open has been 1,060. During one week in May last, nine steamers arrived in the Mersey with 1,743 head of cattle, 3,215 sheep, and 1,504 pigs. In the same week three steamers brought from America 2,613 quarters of beef, 750 carcasses of sheep, and 714 carcasses of pigs.

In concluding this description of the lairage accommodation at Birkenhead, it may be stated that the Dock Board gave directions that the arrangements should be of the most comprehensive and complete description, and these instructions appear to have been fully carried out by the dock engineer and his efficient staff. As we have already said, the foreign cattle trade is of vast importance to the country, and the dock board have acted wisely in amply providing for its further development.

SILK CULTURE.

HOW IT IS CARRIED ON IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.

[Philadelphia Correspondence Newark Advertiser.]

A colony of silk worms from Japan and a few of their family connections from France and this country have lately set up business in one corner of the Permanent Exhibition in this city. The first named came over in original packages, the eggs from France being loose like mustard seeds in pill boxes; those from Japan being thickly and evenly strewed on small squares of paper, in a peculiar fashion, in which it seems none but Japanese moths can be trained. The American insects had been hatched at home. They were provided with suitable rations for their journey, packed in a box perforated for air, and sent here through the post office. They arrived in good order and as hungry as silk worms, a most forcible comparison to any one who has visited a cocoonery like this in the height of the season. For a short time during each of its four seasons of moulting, the silk worm loses its appetite, only, however, to make up for its abstinence afterward by a fiercer and noisier attack than ever on its food. As larvæ, these creatures consume, in a little over a month, about 60,000 times their original weight in mulberry leaves. It has been calculated that one good-sized mulberry tree (of any kind) will annually furnish such busy jaws as these with material enough to work into seven pounds of silk. The black mulberry is, however, less valuable for the purpose, being later in bringing out its leaves, more impatient of the stripping process and less palatable as food.

These silk worms began their career on solid shelves of wood covered with white paper and set one over another about a foot apart on an open frame work. Afterward, as they increased in size, a frame net work of wire was set down over each shelf. On this was spread the leafy twigs, and the silk worms creeping up through the interstices after their food, were moved, frame and all, to a clean shelf. This process is repeated as often as once a day until they refuse food and seek for some retired corner where they may begin to spin. The time for such maturity, like the quality of the silk, the length of the chrysalis state and several other things connected with silk worm life depends very much on the kind of food provided and the temperature and purity of the air. In other words, the business requires care. It is emphatically woman's work, though children can do a large part of it under superintendence. The attendants at this cocoonery are a class of about twenty young girls, the nucleus of a silk school in which pupils are to be taught all the processes necessary to the production of raw silk.

We were shown different ways of assisting the larva to the shelter they need before spinning the cocoon. In many instances little bundles of dry twigs were placed up right between the shelves, spread apart at the top, and into these miniature trees the satiated silk worm creeps to work out its destiny in a higher sphere. A number have already shut out the busy little world below with that silvery cloud which naturalists tell us is a reminiscence of the time when the Bombyx Mori cared for itself in antidiluvian mulberry trees, and needed these fleecy outworks to shield the golden casket within from rain and dew. Here an t there the solid walls of a finished cocoon show through the surrounding mist, and, by listening, one could hear whether or not the little workman inside had spun out the last delicate fibre with which h.s nest is lined. We saw one large, double cocoon where two, perhaps three, had been working in partnership. These ambitious structures must be used in what silkworkers call waste, as it is impossible to unwind the separate and interlacing threads of which it is composed.

A regular cocoon has an unbroken thread from 1,000 to 1,800 feet in length. This is unwound with ease by exposing the cocoon to heat (either hot water or steam is best) which kills the chrysalis and dissolves the gum which holds its filaments of silk together. Four or five cocoons are taken at once and thrown into the bath, the outer thread of each being caught up by a switch with which they are stirred and brought into contact with others, then passed through the polished metal or glass eyes connected with a reeling machine, which is set at such a distance from the diminishing cocoons that the silk may dry in its passage thither. As the thread from each grows finer, other cocoons are added to keep the size uniform, an operation which requires such watchfulness and skill that one can scarcely imagine how, in this case, machinery can ever usurp the place of human eyes and hands.

Every effort is now made by those interested in silk culture to utilize numerous other varieties of the silk worm, but so far none of them surpass the Bombyx Mori in the fineness, evenness, color and gloss of its work. We were shown the result of an experiment with the bimia Cecropia, a beautiful creature whose large spotted wings are conspicuous in many entomological collections. This elegant moth is also a foreigner. It is said to be an oak-feeder, but it's refused such food here. The cocoon was long and brown and woven in such a manner that the chrysalis escapes without cutting a thread, an advantage which none of the other species possess. The silk is coarse, but long, strong and glossy.

Native varieties of oak feeders will no doubt be brought into service as attention to this branch of industry increases. Meanwhile it is as true to-day as it was two hundred years ago that nowhere in the world does a more natural field for silk culture exist than in America. The white mulberry, the natural food of the true silk worm, finds with us a much more congenial home than under the rainy skies of England, while the red mulberry, a native variety, as well as others which have been naturalized here, furnish very acceptable sustenance while their leaves are young and tender.

It has been said that a few well worked mulberry trees are better than a gold mine to their owner. The appliances needed to turn their leaves into a marketable product are so few and cheap and simple that they are within reach of all. The time may not be distant when the raw silk we have imported from the farm houses and huts of France and Italy, China and Japan can be furnished to our skillful weavers from our own homes, thus offering to many a tired seamstress or shop girl an opportunity to go back to her native fields to find their a more easy, healthful and refining employment than is offered in the over-crowded cities.

Hebrews as Farmers.

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT TO BE TREATED AT THE PRESENT CONVENTION.

The annual Convention of the United Hebrew Congregations of America, which commenced its sitting in New York this week, promises to be one of the most important gatherings of Hebrews which has ever taken place upon this continent. The Convention which was held last year at Milwaukee was signalized by the announcement that a union had been effected between the Jewish congregations of the North, South, East and West, who had decided that thenceforward they would work in harmony in all matters relating to Judaism.

Another important feature of the Congress was the adoption of a plan for a Hebrew farming colony, having for its object the interesting of Jews in agricultural pursuits. The idea was advanced that Hebrews might become self-sustaining farmers, while agricultural settlements could be formed by those of the faith who had lost their means of support. A committee, consisting of delegates from Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans and San Francisco, was appointed to solicit in their respective territories for the purchase of a tract of land for practical farming purposes. This committee will render a report at the present Convention, and important action will probably be taken.

A large delegation of Hebrews left this city on Monday night to participate in the proceedings of the Convention. Among the number were Meyer Sulzberger, W. H. Hackenburg, Rev. Henry S. Jacobs and Philip Lewin.

☞ An old poultry raiser, who believes in milk for fowls, says: "It is meat and drink both. Some of the finest chickens I ever saw were raised upon the free use of milk with their food. Hens lay as well, or better, when furnished with this than upon any known article offered them."

PREPARING GIRLS FOR COLLEGE.

[By President S. Clarke Seelye of Smith College at Northampton, in Christian Union.]

The higher education of women is rapidly passing out of the region of theory into that of practical experiment. Colleges are endowed and organized to give the needed instruction; women are acquiring in them an intellectual culture in no respect inferior to that which has long been the prerogative of men. Whatever doubts may still be felt concerning the expediency or utility of this new educational movement, the number of those determined to enjoy its benefits is steadily increasing. Thus far, however, there have been more abundant provisions for higher than for secondary instruction. Female colleges have multiplied faster than preparatory schools. To one familiar with educational history this is not surprising. The historic order is the reverse of the logical. Secondary schools have not been the parents, but the offspring, of colleges and universities. . . . In many high schools and academies means are now provided whereby, without great expense, girls can be prepared for college. These facilities might be greatly augmented were female seminaries to arrange parallel courses, so that those who wish to carry forward their education in high institutions may be qualified to do so. In large places it ought not to be difficult to secure good day-schools where the classics and mathematics can be taught. If not provided by civil authority, they may by private co-operation.

There are many parents, however, who find it impossible to secure these provisions. They cannot educate their daughters at home as they wish; they are unwilling to send them away at an early age to mixed or large schools. If I were to formulate their wants, I should say the first requisite in the schools they seek is the influence of refined and Christian women. A young girl between 12 and 16 years of age needs more judicious and careful treatment than at any other period of life. Then are more frequently sown the seeds of chronic and incurable diseases; then are formed those habits of thought and action which are most permanent and most controlling in the regulation of demeanor and conduct. For these reasons it seems most desirable, if girls at that period of life are to be educated away from parental supervision, their schools should be as nearly as possible like well-regulated homes. There were great advantages in this respect in the old-fashioned schools where a limited number of pupils were received by cultivated ladies as members of their own households. Why may not preparatory schools for college be organized in the same way?

The next requisite in these schools is competent instruction. Piety and refinement, although so important, cannot compensate for the lack of thoroughness and genuine scholarship. Here has been the great deficiency of many female boarding-schools. Department and character have flourished at the expense of intellectual culture. The instruction has been superficial and desultory because the teachers have so often been unable to teach otherwise. It has been exceedingly difficult to find ladies who were qualified to prepare their pupils for a higher education. This difficulty the colleges are now removing. It is now easy to find those able to teach all the classics and mathematics that may be demanded. It is indispensible, if we are to have any success in higher education, that this preliminary work should be thoroughly done.

There is one more requisite no less important in these lower schools, and that is loyalty to preparatory work. The course prescribed for admission to our best colleges is not an arbitrary one. It represents the best educational experience; it has the sanction of the majority of the most intelligent educators; it has been shown by long trial to be the surest and quickest method to gain the greatest knowledge and the most vigorous and efficient intellects. Some of its features will doubtless be modified according to the demands of progressive intelligence. We may have more or less of Latin or Greek, of algebra and geometry. The relation, however, of the classics and mathematics to intellectual growth, if correctly apprehended, rests on unalterable facts in the history of man and the constitution of nature. They are to be studied, not because the college demands them, but because they are an essential condition to the broadest mental culture. Unless they are early taught, the chances are they will never be acquired. Those who wish to pursue a higher education will find themselves embarrassed every step forward without them. If taken up at the right moment, and carried forward systematically under competent teachers, there is no reason why any girl of average intelligence may not easily master, before the age of 16 or 17 all the classics and mathematics that any college demands for admission. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that preparatory schools should be loyal to their professed work. Any lack of system, or failure to observe the proper order and relation of studies, must inflict an irreparable loss upon their scholars.

There has been, however, to schools without endowment, a strong temptation to be false to this idea. It is often easier to retain old pupils than to obtain new ones. Those who leave for other institutions are regarded as a pecuniary loss. A strong influence is not unfrequently exerted upon the pupils in these circumstances to induce them to give up the notion of a higher education and be content with that which the boarding-school can give. This course must, in the end, prove as disastrous to the school as it is to the scholars. It prevents that intimate relation with the college which may become the surest guarantee of success. The presence and scholarship of its students in higher institutions would be the best advertisement and the strongest recommendation to public patronage. Schools like those we have thus briefly indicated do not seem impossible to realize, and are earnestly demanded. They do already exist, but the number is insufficient to satisfy the need. It is to be hoped the mere statement of the want will increase the supply. Parents at least will only have to apply the proposed tests and rigidly insist upon their fulfillment in order to produce the desired results. We call them lower and secondary schools. The names denote merely logical distinctions. In honor and importance they are inferior to none.

SAVE THE MACHINERY.

[Prairie Farmer.]

If the amount of money lost each year to the farmers of the United States by sheer neglect and carelessness in the care of farm machinery and implements could be even approximately arrived at, it would probably present one of the most astonishing examples of waste the country has yet seen. Fully as great as the perquisites—to say stealings might be considered libelous—of those who have to do with the erection of our public buildings, and the various jobs of some of our law makers, both national and State. It would go a good way in paying the interest on our national debt. Now, considering that the working people of the United States pay nearly all the interest of this debt, as well as the principal so far as paid, and as the farmers of the United States compose much more than one-half of this population, it behooves them to economize in this important matter of saving in the wear and tear of farm machinery and implements. Many of them are costly, and when worn, either from carelessness or long use, are not only inefficient, but expensive to keep even in working order. We have time and again written upon this subject, especially upon the saving in keeping them properly housed, and their bright surfaces protected from rust, and their wooden and rough iron parts well painted, and will here only add that many of machines and implements often buy, particularly old machines, if well preserved, at enormous prices, simply as an advertisement, just as a piano-maker does an ancient harpsichord, to show their customers how long a piano will last.

Experiments made in France some years ago, showed that the friction of wooden surfaces running on wood amounted to from one-quarter to one-half the force employed. The friction of metal on wood was something less, while with metal on metal surfaces the friction was from one-fifth to one-seventh of the power required to move them. With land applied to wood on wood, the friction was only one-tenth to one-twentieth of the power required to move the surfaces. Metal on metal had the friction reduced to one-half of what it was before. Of the various lubricators used in these experiments, pure lard and black lead gave the least friction, when cast iron moved upon cast iron.

The chief reasons why machines last so much longer with some farmers than with others, is from care in wiping and oiling, for whenever bearings get worn, the play soon causes the machine to become racked from the constant shaking and jarring of these loose surfaces. This is especially true of all fast-running gears, as those of reapers and mowers, threshers, corn-shellers, fanning mills, and the various feed-grinding power mills in use on the farm. The chief causes of wear in all journals and bearings is either from the gumming of the surfaces, from the lubricators used, or from dirt containing grit working in. All bearings, therefore, should be frequently wiped clean, before oiling, and every possible means used to protect them from outside causes of wear. A good wagoner always wipes the axles before oiling them. Very few also wipe the boxes, and yet one should be as necessary as the other. It will keep the bearings true for a long time, and save a vast amount of wear and tear for the team. How much more necessary, then, for such costly machines as reapers, mowers, threshers, and grinding mills, whose usual life, as now managed, is only about three years.

Bearings, from the long-continued use of gummy lubricators, sometimes come to consume more in friction than dry surfaces. There is nothing better for cleaning such surfaces than kerosene. After cleaning, use only the best lubricators. For swift running bearings, fatty matter is the best. (It is poor economy to buy cheap oil.) For slow bearings and journals, petroleum lubricators are the best. The matter of friction in farm machinery is really a serious one to the owners, and yet we suppose the makers of farm machinery will go on reaping rich rewards year by year, from the useless wear and tear of machinery, and which they really do not covet, simply because the majority of our farmers depend upon borrowing in agricultural paper, rather than to buy one, and thus often lose more in one day than would pay for a good paper for five years. If horses had the speech given to Baalam's ass, they would often put their masters in mind of the loss accruing from the lack of oil, but since the only means of communication is through galled shoulders, curbs, sprains, windgalls, etc., we suppose ignorant and non-reading farmers will go on year after year in the old slack way, warned only by complaining and creaking axles, rickety machines and disabled teams, which indeed only complain after so much injury is done that the value of the machine or animal is thereafter not worth much.

☞ A continuous use of Merino bucks builds up, upon a stock of inferior ewes, a flock of fine and densely wooled animals, with marvellous rapidity. A Mexican ewe shearing one pound of coarse wool, if bred to a pure Merino buck, will produce a lamb which, when a year old, will shear at least three pounds of much finer wool, and the produce of this lamb, if a ewe and bred to the Merino, will go up to four and four and a half or five pounds of still finer wool.

A FOOL ONCE MORE.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, and she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich.

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A good STOCK FARM of about 200 acres, within forty miles of Boston, and near a Railroad. Buildings must be modern. Address, with full particulars, A. B., Box 3075, P. O., Boston, Mass. jly26-1t

Situation Wanted.

A MIDDLE AGED MAN, thoroughly acquainted with the laying out of Grounds, Raising of Stock, Fruit Trees and Vegetables, with 20 years' experience in Europe and the United States, would like a situation as Overseer on a gentleman's place or as farmer. Address E. H. L., Atlantic, Mass. References exchanged. jly26-1t*

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MASONIC TEMPLE, Tremont, cor. Boylston st. ☞ Paper Hangings and Decorations every TUESDAY. Furniture, Carpets, Refrigerators, &c., WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, each day at 10, and at private sale all the time, at about one half the regular price; best Roxbury and other tapestry, 68c.; walnut marble top chamber sets, $38; refrigerators, $2,50; and other goods equally low. We have a full assortment of furniture; 2000 new styles paper hangings, &c.; roll &c. &c. jly26-13t

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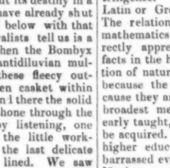

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court. To the Heirs-at-Law, Next-of-Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of SAMUEL HOWARD, late of Dunstable, in said County, deceased. Greeting.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by SAMUEL P. STEVENS, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the Executor therein named, by the name of SAMUEL STEVENS, and that he may be exempt from giving a bond or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third Tuesday of August next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this Citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine. jly26-3t*

J. H. TYLER, Register.

GREAT SALES —OF— SHORTHORNS! Kentucky Summer Series.

JULY 30, 1879—54 head from the herd of A. J. Alexander, Spring Station, Ky., will be sold at public sale, comprising choice representatives of the following families:

Bell Bates, Maurukas, Miss Wileys, Villas, Duchesses, Gwynnes, Louans, Craggs, Lady Lancasters, Sharons, Young Marys, Young Phyllises, Josephines, &c.

AUGUST 1—T. J. Megibben, Lair's Station, Ky., will sell at public sale 70 head of the following well-known families:

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AUGUST 1—T. J. MEGIBBEN, For catalogues address Cynthiana, Ky.

AUGUST 2—Joshua Barton, Millersburg, Ky., will sell at public sale 60 head of

Renick Rose of Sharons, Hilpots, Knightleys, Bell Bates, Peris, Miss Wileys, Rosemarys, Young Marys, Young Phyllises, Cypresses, Auroras, &c., including the fine sire, 8th Duke of Oxford (34738) and other good bulls. For catalogues address JOSHUA BARTON, Millersburg, Ky.

The above sales represent the most skillful breeders, and the largest and best herds of Shorthorns on this continent. jly5-4t

TRUE Golden Millet!

CAN be sown as late as FIRST WEEK IN AUGUST. Makes most nutritious GREEN FODDER, especially for Milch Cows, and excellent HAY. Yields ten tons Green Fodder, or three to five tons of Hay per acre.

Price of Seed per Bushel, $1,50.

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS, 51, 52 & 53 North Market St., Boston. jly19-2t

FOWLS WANTED.

The subscriber wishes to purchase for his own use, as an amateur, the following varieties of Fowls. Any party having them, or any part, will please state the lowest terms—*(Express charges included to Charlottesville, Va.)*—they will sell for. Pure breeds—but not Fancy Pure Fowls—are Fancy Prices.

12 Light Brahmas—2 Cocks and 10 Hens or Pullets.
12 Buff Cochins—2 Cocks and 10 Hens or Pullets.
12 Plymouth Rocks—2 Cocks and 10 Hens or Pullets.
12 Dorkings—2 Cocks and 10 Hens or Pullets.
12 White Crested Black Polands—2 Cocks and 10 Hens or Pullets.
12 White Faced Black Spanish—2 Cocks and 10 Hens or Pullets.
12 Houdans—2 Cocks and 10 Hens or Pullets.
6 pair China or Hong Kong Geese.
6 pair Wild Geese.
4 trios Aylesbury Ducks.
4 trios Rouen Ducks.
4 trios Black Cayuga Ducks.
1 trio Berkshire Pigs. 1 Ram, 20 Ewes, Southdown or Cotswold.

Address, with stamp for reply, HENRY M. PRICE, M. D., Antioch, Fluvanna Co., Va. jly19-2t

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EVERY GARDENER should have the ARLINGTON SEED DRILL, made by SAMUEL C. BUCKMAN, of Arlington, Mass. Price Twenty dollars. ap26-1f

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We want to sell direct to farmers for their own use—will send machine on receipt of price, and if not entirely satisfactory after trial, we will refund the money on return of the machine, if desired.

Some machines have been made, nominally for the same purpose as the above, but have proved failures and consequently have been thrown aside as worthless. We warrant the above as represented, and to be the most perfect machine ever invented for the work. Circulars sent on application.

THE LIGHTNING GRINDER.

This machine is honestly made, and does the work of sharpening Mower and Reaper Knives thoroughly and well. With the attachment it will grind anything. We warrant the above as represented, and to be the most perfect machine ever invented for the work. Circulars sent on application.

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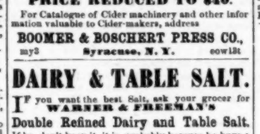

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THE MATFIELD LAWN DRESSING

is entirely odorless, clean in handling and giving a luxuriant and thick growth of grass of dark green color.

Our goods are manufactured for Special Crops, and last year were used on over six thousand acres with entire satisfaction. Not having agents in all towns, farmers will please apply directly to us for circulars and prices. Address

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GARDEN ENGINE AND FIRE EXTINGUISHER.—For Washing Windows, Carriages, etc. Protects Buildings from Fire, and Trees Vines, etc., from Insects. Throws water 50 feet. Easily carried. No dwelling, Country Home, or Factory should be without the Fountain Pump. Send for large Illustrated Circular. J. A. WHITMAN, Patentee and Manufacturer, Providence, R. I. feb22-13t

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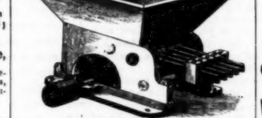

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, -- BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

The Poet's Corner.

THE BRIDE.

er finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring—
It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth (for out it must,)
It looked like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone;)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katharine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly;)
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Ladies' Department.

THE SCOTTISH BANKER'S DILEMMA.

[Chambers' Journal.]

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Duff, the worthy and respected agent of the Central Bank at Tollkirk, was startled by his teller, James Hamilton, coming to him to say, just as the banker had signed the last official letter before proceeding to lock up the safe: "I am sorry to say, sir, the cash appears to be one hundred pounds short." James was very pale as he spoke, and, despite his efforts to prevent it, his voice trembled. A stranger could not have told whether the youth's agitation was the result of fright or guilt.

Mr. Duff knew him too well to let the latter alternative dwell in his mind for even a moment; but the lad's excitement was somewhat infectious, and it was with just a little throb that he replied: "You are joking, Jamie." Mr. Duff leaned back in his chair and nibbled the feather-end of his quill as he looked in the lad's face.

"I was never more serious in my life," reiterated Hamilton.

"It is some mare's-nest, depend upon it," said Mr. Duff, in a tone that partly reassured the poor fellow. "Have you been very busy at the desk to-day, James?"

"That is the mystery of it, sir; we have not been busy. Hardly three pages of our cash-book are filled."

"A hundred pounds! H'm! I'm going up-stairs to dinner. In the meantime check your consummations and your cash, and by and by I'll come in and lock up the safe with ye."

The teller went from the banker's room to the outer office with a very grave face. Mr. Duff, who lived with his family, as is customary in Scotland, in the very commodious house attached to the bank, sent his letters to be copied by the junior clerk, and then went leisurely up stairs to dinner.

Mr. Duff's was for a man who does not object to permanent residences in a provincial town, a very easy and pleasant mode of life. His work was not hard, nor were his responsibilities very heavy. He had a pretty and comfortable home in an old-fashioned country town, and although his wife lay in the churchyard on the brae by the riverside these ten years, still he had two of the prettiest girls in Tollkirk—Minna and Mary Duff, (besides Jenny, the married daughter, who lived in Edinburg,)—whose delight it was to make his life sunny and happy. He was naturally—being a man to possess private means, and on account of his official capacity as the dispenser of discounts and custodian of the wealth of the neighborhood—a man of some importance in Tollkirk's best society. He was magistrate and farmer as well as banker; and on Sundays, for many a long year, he had stood beaming behind "the plate" at the entrance to the "auld kirk." Everybody knew him, and he knew everybody; and perhaps nobody respected him the less because he pretty well knew to within a pound or two what every rate-payer on his side of the country was worth financially.

He took life very easy, as I have said; making no undue fuss when an accommodation bill was presented to him, if he knew—as he was certain to know—the pedigree and progress through life of drawer and indorser. He was protected, too, by his Edinburgh employers as a man of prudence and sagacity, who never made bad debts, never troubled them with applications for rise of salary or transfer of agency—whose books always stood the minutest inspection, and who, speaking generally, wanted no favors from them. Rather, granted favors, by occasional invitations to visit him at Tollkirk, whereit was unsurpassed for round game, moon fishing, besides magnificent "links" for golf, and where the local distillery yields a liquid of more than local reputation. The city-birds were not slow to accept such invitations, Mr. Duff being over a tumbler of toddy the best of company, and generous in the matter of horses and fishing rods. The chief inspector of the bank came often enough to woo the fair Jenny, the eldest of the family, and took her away with him for some summer day, to the general bereavement of Tollkirk.

The banker did not hurry over dinner on the particular afternoon of which I write. When he went up stairs he did not even take a second thought to James Hamilton's pale face, but quietly settled himself in his armchair, after doing justice to his simple repast, to read for the second time the report of his own speech at the recent great agricultural board, given at length in the Tollkirk Herald, the fine roll of his own—somewhat improved—spoken sentences seen in black and white, communicating a pleasing sense of complacence and importance as influencing public opinion. It was nearly 7 o'clock before Mr. Duff remembered that he had not yet locked up his safe, and that his clerk was probably waiting below for him. He was surprised when he opened the office door—leading to the hall of his house—to find Hamilton still bending over his cash-book with an expression of deep anxiety on his face, and bundles of bank-notes lying on the desk before him.

"What, James, still in the fog?" he asked cheerfully, as he came in. "Not found your difference yet, eh?"

"I am one hundred pounds short, sir, without doubt."

Hamilton had toiled though every entry over and over again, had counted and recounted his bundles of notes, and now had a very sharply defined fear in his heart, and a vision in the background of his imaginstion of a dearly-loved old mother waiting for him at home, and who was ill able to bear the responsibility of such a loss—if loss it should prove to be.

"A mare's nest, I'll be bound," Mr. Duff said, good-naturedly, taking Hamilton's place before the cash-book. He set carefully and with a keen eye he went over each entry, very carefully, too, he counted the cash and recounted it, but only to find that Hamilton's words were too true. The cash was undoubtedly one hundred pounds short.

"I think we had better sleep over it," Mr. Duff said at last, looking at his watch. "The difference will turn up in the morning, you may depend upon it." Then the cash and books were carried into the safe and the office closed for the night.

Poor Hamilton lay awake nearly all night thinking over some probable clue to the whereabouts of the missing money. Never before had he left the bank with such a dread on his mind, for he felt certain that he had gone over each item of the day, that he had not over overpaid any one to such an extent; and he knew that on him devolved the responsibility to make good any such deficiency. He hardly spoke to his mother as he ate what she called his "ruined dinner"—spoiled by three long hours' waiting in the oven—nor could she get from him all through the evening a hint of the cause of his trouble. She guessed and hinted that perhaps Minna Duff, "the little flirt," had something to do with his gloom, for she knew how her boy's heart lay in regard to the banker's younger daughter; but her son's reply was equivalent to a snub.

He was in the office two hours before official bank-hours on the following morning; but no track of the missing money could be found. During the day, all the banker's customers who had on the previous day been paid large sums, were asked to check the payments; but when four o'clock arrived and the cash had again to be counted, the balance still showed one hundred pounds short. If the money had been paid away, in error, no man had been honest enough to return it. Then for the first time in the history of the Tollkirk branch, a deficiency in the cash had to be reported to the head office. A hundred pounds to a rich man may seem a small matter to worry over; but to James Hamilton, whose yearly salary, after ten years' faithful and conscientious service, did not amount to one hundred pounds, and whose mother—save for the help of a trifling annuity left by her husband—was in a great measure dependent upon him—the liability to refund this sum weighed heavy. He became anxious and nervous, not being altogether certain that the authorities of the bank might not suspect him of having appropriated the money; and from very nervousness was guilty during the next few days of making several small mistakes in his cash dealings, which confirmed him in the belief that he had paid the money to some unscrupulous rascal who did not mean to acknowledge it.

It seemed an age, although in reality barely a month had passed, before a note from Mr. Teit, the chief inspector (Mr. Duff's son-in-law) set the matter at rest. "In consideration," the note ran, "of the admirable mode in which the business of the branch at Tollkirk has hitherto been conducted, the directors have agreed to wipe off the deficiency in cash, which it may be hoped will yet turn up and be recredited; but in doing so it must be firmly kept in view that the directors by no means establish the present case as a precedent, and must remind the gentleman who has charge of the bank's cash at Tollkirk that at no future time will the directors be disposed to relieve him of the responsibility attaching to his office."

"There, Jamie, take that to your mother," said Mr. Duff kindly, handing the official note to Hamilton. "I thought Peter would manage it" (referring to his son-in-law, the inspector), "but we maun ca' canny," said the banker, relapsing into broad Scotch, to put the reproof, if such it might be called, in the gentlest form, to spare the lad's feelings.

There were tears of relief in Hamilton's eyes as he read the note. "That is generous treatment, sir; I was afraid they would roup (sell by auction) me and my old mother out of Tollkirk."

"Roup ye? I couldn't spare ye, lad."

Then the youth went home to his mother jubilant, a burden lifted from him.

But on the next evening, after business hours, Hamilton's face was whiter than ever. His hands were trembling; he fumbled over his cash, and "cast" and "recast" the long columns of figures on his cash-book. It was market day, a busy day, and large sums had passed into and out of his hands. To his horror he found his cash three hundred pounds short! He had not the courage on this occasion to go to Mr. Duff's room with his plaint. But the banker saw at once as he passed through the office on his way up stairs that something was wrong.

"You are late, Mr. Hamilton." (Mr. Duff never in a general way called James "Mr.") His doing so now implied misgivings.)

"Yes, sir; but I think I won't be long;" his lips felt parched from excite ment.

"Are you ready to lock up the safe with me?"

"Not quite. If you are in no hurry, sir, perhaps we can lock up when you come down."

"Very well."

Mr. Duff went up stairs; but on this occasion he did not linger over his meal. When he came down, half an hour later, Hamilton was not ready to lock the safe. He was sitting looking into space, his head resting on his hands.

"Have you balanced your cash now?" Mr. Duff asked, with just a perceptible edge of annoyance in his tone.

"No, sir. I differ three hundred pounds."

"Over or short?"

"Short, sir!"

"Mercy on us! This will not do. You must bestir yourself and—find it. I have to go out to a meeting to-night." The banker spoke sternly.

Hamilton once more, under Mr. Duff's eye, nervously went over his figures and counted his cash. The deficiency could in no way be accounted for.

"This is terribly awkward, James."

There were tears in the youth's voice as he uttered: "Yes, sir; and it will drive me mad."

When Mr. Duff returned from his meeting at 11 o'clock Hamilton was as far from peace as ever. The younger clerk had gone away. Again the banker and Hamilton went over each item together—in vain.

"We can't report this to the head office, whatever happens," quoted Mr. Duff grimly.

"What is to be done, sir?"

"Find it."

They looked blankly in each others' faces. Both men went to bed with heavy hearts; nor did the search next day throw any light on the mysterious transaction. Mr. Duff could not bring himself to report this second deficiency to his head office, and the only alternative left was to refund the amount from his own private means. This, as may be imagined, he was very reluctantly; and for the first time in his experience he watched the younger men, and perhaps his trusted teller, too, with just a faint and irrepressible glimmering of suspicion. A mistake of this sort might happen once; but to happen a second time at so short an interval, made him uneasy on other matters than mere loss of money. He had a frame-work of mahogany and glass made for Hamilton's desk, that it might come near the cash in future but Hamilton himself. And so, with what grace he could summon, and with many grave warnings, Mr. Duff paid the "short" money, having, as he said, to "grin and bear it."

For a week or so things worked well under the new arrangement; but for the third time Mr. Duff was destined to see Hamilton poring over his books long after bank hours, this time to hear on inquiry that the luckless lad was short by no less an amount than five hundred pounds! Had the shrewd, quick-witted James Hamilton, after ten years of faithful service, become suddenly dolt?

"This is beyond endurance," the banker said sharply, as the fact was communicated to him.

"It is most strange," replied the helpless teller, feeling that the fates were against him.

"It is possible you can have paid the money away."

"It is gone, sir."

"Then you must find it. I can no longer be responsible for your blunders. Here is no less a sum than nine hundred pounds in less than six weeks, to be accounted for. Many a one has been sent across the sea for less."

The youth put his hands over his face and fairly burst into tears. "I must give it up, sir. I can't stand this. I must leave the place."

Mr. Duff was looking at him with very keen eyes as this was sobbed out. "Leave Tollkirk? Understand, Mr. Hamilton, that you *dare* not leave Tollkirk before this matter is cleared up."

For the greater part of the night the men sat up searching; but when the morning came they were as far away from the mark as ever.

Mr. Duff, much to the surprise of customers of the bank, next day "took over" the cash himself, and, rather awkwardly from want of practice, became his own cashier. Hamilton was degraded to subordinate duties. His spirit, poor fellow, was fairly broken. No trace of the missing money could be found. Of course Mr. Duff could not long continue acting as teller. The work interfered with even more important duties.

A son of Mr. Traill, the parish minister, who was employed at the Aberdeen branch of the same bank, at this time visited Tollkirk, and being of the same craft, spent a good deal of time in Mr. Duff's company. The subject of the missing money was broached and discussed between them. It so happened that George Traill was engaged to be married to Mary Duff, and the banker, having lost confidence in Hamilton, and feeling sorely in need of capable help, proposed that George should apply to the directors of the bank for the appointment of the Tollkirk branch. So it came about that in a short time George Traill, a shrewd, practical business man, relieved Mr. Duff at the telling-table, in order to familiarize himself with the faces of the bank's customers. For some days all went well. Then came market day. At close of the day Mr. Traill's cash was five hundred pounds short.

CHAPTER II.

Dismay fell on the quiet little bank at Tollkirk. The former uneasiness became in the office a panic. Hamilton had been made ill by the anxiety of his position, and was in bed on the day that Mr. Traill's deficiency occurred. After closely scrutinizing every entry in the books, Traill came to the conclusion that he had not paid the money in excess to any one, and that the notes must have been stolen by some one on the premises. The bank's safe was duly examined; but the locks bore no marks of being tampered with. The windows and doors of the office were unaffected, and Mr. Duff's domestics—who swept out the office—had been his servants and were known to him for years. The matter was on this occasion reported to the bank's head office; but thence came the cold intimation that no further deficiency could be made good, and referring the bank agents to their recent letter to that effect of such and such a date.

Mr. Duff began to think the place was haunted. Wherever the money was gone it had to be paid up; raising the total losses made in this mysterious way to the unpalatable sum of fourteen hundred pounds in less than three months. The mystery was all the deeper that during the day of the difference in Traill's cash, it had happened there had not been a single cash payment amounting to five hundred pounds. Then there came vague rumors—such as the police, had the matter passed into their hands, would certainly have made use of—that there was an itinerant locksmith, a gypsy, in the neighborhood to whom popular rumor attributed almost miraculous power in the manipulation of locks. Yet, it would take a very clever locksmith indeed to open the Central Bank's safe unheard in the house, and to close it again without leaving traces of his work. The safe had a foundation of eight feet of stone, and was coated on the floor, wall and roof with a two-inch plate of solid iron. The doors were, of course, of iron, and each—there were four doors—had two keys and separate locks. Through the lock of the outer iron door an iron bolt was each evening shot down from Mr. Duff's bed-room above, and while that bolt was down no key in the world could open the door. It was necessary to be in Mr. Duff's bed-room before the bolt could be drawn or dropped. It was extremely improbable that there were any in Tollkirk who could, even with the necessary keys in their hands, find their way into the strong room unaided.

No longer was Mr. Duff able to leave the bank with an easy mind for a 2 o'clock luncheon—with forty winks to follow—as had been his custom these twenty years. He was closely on the watch. Yet there was no visible cause for suspicion. Bankers and clerks were fast becoming demoralized—in the military sense—from sheer fright, accelerated by mystery, and a sense of utter helplessness in face of it. Mr. Duff might far better be losing his fortune on the Stock Exchange, or throwing his money away on turf speculations; in these there would be some remote chance of profit, if not satisfaction in losing his property. His bark had up to this time sailed in smooth seas, had even hitherto floated in a sheltered bay, unexposed to financial tempests or breakers; but now a leak of a dangerous sort had sprung, as likely, he imagined, to ingulf him at his anchorage as any buffeting of waves in open sea.

Mr. Duff became a changed man. He was thin and worn and ill with anxiety and watching. They were all watching. Traill was watching Hamilton; Hamilton turned a keen glance on the boys; the boys kept their eyes very widely open all around. Mr. Duff was unwilling to put the matter in the hands of the local police, knowing that the first to be suspected would be his clerks, and that the affair would speedily become town gossip. Secretly Mr. Duff began to think the place was bewitched.

His partner, George Traill, being called upon to pay up half of the £500, resolved to get to the bottom of the matter. He had a bed fitted up in the banker's business-room, and determined to spend his nights there until some solution of the problem presented itself. His transfer from the Aberdeen branch seemed just then to prove a bad bargain. The keys of the safe, it should be mentioned, numbering eight, were placed every night after the locking up of the safe, and the dropping of the bolt, from the banker's bedroom, in a strong box, the key of which was always carried by Mr. Duff. George Traill, armed with a revolver, in spite of Mary's protests, and Mr. Duff's jeers, occupied the room where the bed had been fitted there, and waited philosophically the course of events. He slept little for the first night or two; but no intruder came to disturb his repose. The long, dull hours crept on without adventure or other result than to make Traill sleepy and cross during the following days. The bankers were beginning to despair of discovering the thief. Yet Traill—despite Mr. Duff's perfectly reasonable argument that if any man broke into the safe it would not be £500 that would satisfy him, nor would he likely risk a second or third visit—continued to spend his nights in the bank.

At daybreak, however, on a certain morning in the following week, Traill, who slept very lightly, was suddenly awakened and startled by hearing the bolt that passed through the lock of the outer door of the same drawn sharply up. He could hardly believe the evidence of his ears, thinking perhaps that he had dreamed. But the "click" was still reverberating, exaggerated as all sounds are in the stillness of night. If the bolt was really lifted, the person that drew it up must be in the room where the Duff sleep. Traill, was a courageous man; but in spite of himself, he trembled as he felt for and examined his revolver. When the reverberation subsided, there was a silence for a few moments as of Death, Sleep's twin brother. Then he thought he heard, afar off, a door open, followed by a step on the stairs. Then a light showed at the seam under the door; presently the door opened, and a man entered, carrying in one hand a lighted candle, in the other a bunch of keys. The revolver was firmly held in Traill's grip, and before firing, he was about to utter a cry of warning, when he noted that the figure paid no heed to his presence, but passed him, making straight for the safe door. In the dim light, to his astonishment, he distinguished the fixed, even rigid features of his friend and partner Mr. Duff! His eyes were wide open, and he moved with unusual deliberation, but with an air of stern preoccupation quite foreign to his working habits. Traill saw at a glance that the banker was walking in his sleep.

His first impulse was to seize him and wake him; but a moment's reflection decided him to wait the natural issue of events. Mr. Duff, without hesitation or fumbling, chose the right keys for the outer door, and pushed it, as it was, long back, slowly open; then the wicket-gate, the inner door, and so on, until he disappeared silently in the vault-like shades of the strong-room. When he reached the inner safe, he took from the well-packed store of pound notes—Traill eagerly watching him from the door—a bundle containing five hundred; he then noiselessly shut and locked each door as he retreated. He passed within arm's length of Traill, bearing in his right hand the keys and his lighted candle; left the office—followed by his partner—walked slowly up stairs to his bedroom, where he deliberately dropped the bolt back in its place, and finally laid the keys carefully, apparently counting them, in their usual place in the box fixed in the wall for the purpose. Traill expected he would then retire to bed; but it was evident that the somnambulist had not finished his night's work. Having safely put away the keys, he lifted his candle and again went down stairs, carrying the notes in his hand. Traill followed him through the kitchen and out into the court-yard behind. With the same purpose-like deliberation that he had shown at the safe, he now marched to—the unvarnished truth, O romantic reader, must be recorded!—to the pigsty! Arrived there, he lifted a loose fold of thatch that rested on a slab of stone in the rickety roof, secreted the bundle of notes there, replaced the thatch carefully, and then turned with an air of relief and went in doors.

Traill did not disturb him, did not even take the trouble to follow his partner to see if he reached his bed safely, but sprang eagerly to the loose thatch, in which, snugly lying, he found the comfortable sum of one thousand nine hundred pounds in bank-notes! He could not help laughing as he stood there in the dim gray morning, hardly half clad, for the pursuit had not been without excitement. "An expensive roofing for Duff's pigs," he murmured, gathering the various stray bundles together and retreating indoors from the cold morning air.

"I think, Duff," said Traill seriously, when they met in the office after breakfast—"I think, to make certain that no thief, or witch, or ghost has been tampering with the cash during the night, we had better count the cash henceforth in the morning as well as at night; that will make certain whether the money disappears by night or during the day."

Mr. Duff assented.

"Suppose you begin this morning."

Again Mr. Duff assented; and with reluctant fingers, at his partner's suggestion, counted the money. "Powers of darkness!" he exclaimed, "I shall not stay another day in this house. The cash is again five hundred pounds short!" Had Mr. Duff not been a remarkably bald man he would probably have torn his hair in agony.

"How much do you reckon your pigs cost you annually, Duff?" Traill asked, with an apparent irrelevance and, as Mr. Duff thought, flippancy.

"Pigs! Hang the pigs! Hang the bank! and—Yes; I mean to resign my office. I'm not going to remain here to be robbed and ruined."

"I see you are putting a new roof on your sty, and papering it," Traill went on sententiously. "Sparing no expense on it. Doing the thing stylishly, eh?"

"Are you mad, Traill?"

"Well, let me see. At the rate of two thousand pounds, say, in three months, that pig-sty will cost you and me just about e hundred pounds a year." Traill was apparently in his gravest mood. "That's pretty moderate, eh?"

"Poor Traill! The loss of his money has taken away his brain. What demon has entered this house?" sighed Mr. Duff in the presence of a despair more tragic even than his own.

"Look here, old fellow!" said Traill, suddenly bursting into laughter, "look here! I found these in the roof of your pig-sty this morning; and what is more, I saw you put them there with your own hands."

"Prodigious!"

Yes, all the missing money was there. The banker gave a champagne dinner to his delighted clerks on the evening of that day. His own health, however, was in rather a bad way. In a month or two he resigned his office, retiring on a liberal pension to his farm; and in order to compensate James Hamilton for all his recent trouble and misery, Mr. Duff requested, as a personal and final favor, that the directors might appoint him to the position of Assistant Agent with George Traill, a proposal which the directors favorably entertained. Those offices both of the gentleman hold with honor to this day. It may be mentioned, too, that George Traill and James Hamilton are now brothers-in-law, each having in due time wedded one of Mr. Duff's daughters. The bank is James Hamilton's home, while George Traill has rented a farm adjoining Mr. Duff's. The fresh country air, and fishing, and unlimited golfing—all enforced on him by the doctor as the best medicine—have put an end to the old banker's somnambulistic rambles.

SONG.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

The clover blossoms kiss her feet,
She is so sweet;
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
She is so blest;
I'm jealous of its arms of gold;
O that these arms her form might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
She is so fair;
Let flowers and sun and breeze go by—
O dearest! love me, or I die.

A MISSISSIPPI CHOWDER.

BY MARY NORWEST.

[St. Nicholas for August.]

"I'm just suffering for a chowder," said Mr. Larks.

"Are you? Well, I believe I could make a very passable chowder out of river fish," said Mrs. Larks.

"That would be a joke! Shade of a cod-fish, rebuke her!"

"I'd like to try it, any way. Catch me some big salmon,—but a chowder can't be cooked in a house."

"No," said Mr. Larks. "We shall have to go on a picnic."

"Father," said Jenny, "you promised to take Dum and Dee the next time we went."

"Yes, I did ask your little cousins to go."

"And father," said Hugh, "Ralph and Frank never get a chance to go anywhere; and I think I ought to have some company as well as Jenny."

"I've no objection. Let me see,—that will just fill the wagon. I shall want to stay two days. There is a deserted log-house down there. Brown slept in it last week. With a load of straw we could be quite comfortable, even if it rained."

"Where are you going, father?"

"Down to Deep Slough."

They all sat up an hour later than usual planning the frolic.

The Larks family are addicted to picnics. I say addicted, for some of their neighbors think it amounts to a vice. Old Mrs. Black is a very plain-spoken old lady who lives over the way, and she says, "you never know what minute they'll start the hull year round. They're a-wild-flowerin', and a-fernin', and a-blackberryin', and a-autumn-leavin', and a-redhawin', and a-white-sandin', and now goin' a-fishin' for two hull days. It does beat all!" And Mrs. Black pushes back her sun-bonnet, and gazes through her round, bowed spectacles in amazement.

The boys and girls came to stay all night, so as to be on time in the morning; for the plan was to start at daybreak, and breakfast five miles away in the woods. The boys held deep consultations over fish-hooks and lines, while Jenny and Dum and Dee fluttered around Mrs. Larks, trying to help. These little girls had been very properly christened Mary and Martha. But there was only a year's difference in their ages, and they were now of exactly the same size. They dressed alike, and looked alike, and never had but one opinion on any subject. So their father took to calling them Tweedledum and Tweedledee, which was soon shortened to "Dum" and "Dee."

An old darkey, named Jacob, had been engaged to haul the luggage. He was to start the afternoon before they did. When he came with his wagon, Mr. Larks and the boys helped to stow away the baskets and tubs and buckets filled with bread and butter and pickles and jam, boiled ham, stuffed veal, fried chicken, potatoes, ice, eggs, frying-pan, and the great kettle to hold the promised chowder.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Larks to the old darkey who stood by, grinning, "I'm afraid your old horse can't haul that load."

"Lor' bless ye, Mis' Larks, that aint no load fur Jane. Why, Jane is as peart a mare as ever you see."

"Poor thing; she hangs her head as if she was utterly discouraged."

"Jane's jist in'olent. That's all ails *her*. She can pull like a mule when she wants to. But Jane is in'olent, I can't deny."

"Well, drive on, Jacob," said Mr. Larks, "and don't camp till you come to the place I told you of,—the creek, the bridge, and the little red house on the hill."

"And make a fire, and have hot water ready for our coffee in the morning," said Mrs. Larks.

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be thar, and Jane'll be thar, and de kittle will be b'ilin', as shore as de sun goes round de yearth! Hi, dar! you Jane, wake yo'self up,—*git along*."

Slowly old Jane woke up, gradually got her legs in motion, and the old wagon went creaking down the street.

Mrs. Larks thought she would never get those children quiet that night. For the joyous excitement kept the young eyes beaming, and the tongues wagging and laughter ringing. At last, Mr. Larks came upstairs and told them he wished they would go to sleep, so that they'd all wake in time to hear a clock strike that he had borrowed for this occasion from a deaf gentleman. It only struck once in twenty-four hours, and that was at four o'clock in the morning. He hoped they would all hear it, for it was really very curious.

At last, the house is quiet. As the hours go by, the big busy town is quiet, too; only the bright young moon is awake and full of life. But it isn't a full-grown moon, and she don't stay up all night. Now the dark, still hour before dawn is slipping quietly away.

Suddenly a great crash comes in the house, — a ring-a-rush-a-rattle-te-bang-er-rang-rang!—as if forty Chinese gongs had been walking in their sleep, and had fallen down-stairs together.

In a moment all is confusion. Voices cry from every room.

"Oh, what is it?"

"Where is it?"

"Is it thunder?"

"Uncle! aunty! mother! we're so scared!;

"Are you all awake?" called Mr. Larks' "it is the deaf man's clock!" Then he gave a great laugh.

"It's a sell, boys!" cried Hugh. "Come on, girls."

There is a rush of white figures through the hall, a great scrimmage, and a general pillow-fight until the laughter is almost smothered. But Hugh somehow manages to turn the gas up to a full blaze, when the white figures scamper away in much confusion.

Everybody gets dressed in a minute,—even little Bob, who is only five years old.

"I never was up in the mixed of the night before," he said. "The girls want to go out to see the morning star."

"Indeed, we are not hungry, uncle!"

"No eat, no go," answered Mr. Larks, firmly.

So they meekly drank the cups of chocolate.

"Girls are just queer about eating," whispered Ralph to Hugh, over his second cup and an uncounted sandwich.

"O, girls are not like boys! Why, I can eat at any time. Can't you?"

But the horses and the great spring wagon are at the door. O, the flurry and the fun of starting! The boys select the back seat as desirable in offering a slight chance of being tipped out, as being behind the girls, whom they delight to tease, and as farthest removed from "the powers that be."

After Mrs. Larks and Bobby and Mr. Larks are comfortably seated on the front seat, Mrs. Larks remembers that she has forgotten several things.

"Run, Maria, and get that pickled pork. O, yes, and the hard crackers; and, dear me, Hugh jump out and get that little box of medicine on the parlor table; and, Maria, I've forgotten that basket of tomatoes the man brought last night."

"Well, my dear, is there anything else you *could* forget? The number of things the female mind is capable of forgetting! Now shall we go? —all right! —get up, Jack!"

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Mr. Larks jerks his rein and chirrups, but the horses back and halt.

"H'm!" said Mrs. Larks. "A female would never forget to untie the horses!"

"What!" cried Mr. Larks, jumping out in confusion. "I believe I did forget that."

"Mr. Peterkin!" cried Jenny.

A shout of laughter that went up from the whole party woke old Mrs. Black, who thought, at first, it was a fire; but turned over and said, "It's only them plaguey Larks!"

Away go the horses, clattering through the streets, down to the river,—the noble, the beautiful Mississippi! A deep glow of light mounts up the eastern sky. A delicate bloom spreads over the great flood, swelling, dimpling, flowing. Its movement is like life, and its murmur is like breath.

Out on the bridge they go. The swift water is rushing beneath them, the fresh wind blowing around them, and the morning light shining in their faces.

"O, uncle," said Dee, "I know I'm going to have the best time I ever had in my life."

"Yes," said Dum, "I can feel it a beginning now!"

When they leave the bridge the road winds along beneath great elms and sycamores; on the left the bluff rises wild and lovely, and on their right runs the shining river.

Gayly the horses toss their heads, and bend to their work. Lightly fall their hoofs, as if they knew what merry hearts are behind, on what a merry holiday.

Just as the party have settled into quietness, they see the creek, the bridge, and the little red house.

Down by the river rises the smoke of a fire, and old Jacob is swinging his hat in welcome. The young ones tumble over in a great cheer. The boys tumble out behind, and go roystering over the green. The wagon is stopped near the fire, and the girls scramble down over the wheels and go capering after the boys. Within five minutes they have all poked the fire, skipped stones on the water, swung on grape-vines, and are now peeping into the luncheon-baskets.

"I should think," said Mrs. Larks, "that we had brought forty youngsters in place of six."

"De kittle am a-bilin', ma'am," said Jacob.

"Beautifully! Now for breakfast!"

Her too-willing assistants would have had everything out of the wagon if she had not stopped them. Bobby came out from the creek, calling:

"Mamma, there is many little fishes down there, and they can hop on their little legs. I did catch a fish for you, mamma."

Then he opened his little hand, and a baby frog hopped out of it. This was "nuts" to the boys, and they rolled on the grass and laughed until they were tired.

And what a jolly breakfast that was! What a delectable fragrance rose from those coffee-cups, what a keen appetite everybody had, and what rollicking good humor shone in every face!

"I think," said Mr. Larks, as he helped them all round for the third time, "that I never eat a whiter loaf, or a pinker, tenderer ham."

Jacob beamed with satisfaction, as he sat with his back against a tree, his oft-replenished plate before him.

"Come, boys, if you are ready, let us take the seine and go up the creek and get some minnows."

Jenny wanted to go, too, but Dum and Dee were not adventuresome, and preferred to stay and "help aunty," the merriest and busiest little maids in the world.

"Missus," said Jacob, "if ye got any scraps to throw out, give 'em to my old hoss, will ye?"

"Will she eat scraps?"

"Jist try her once't. You Jane, come heah!"

Jane came up knowingly, ate with a good relish, and nickered for more.

"Poor old horse, she must be hungry. Jacob, has she had any grain?"

"No'm, but a boy up to your house gimme a right smart chunk o' hay for 'er."

"And you gave her no grain?"

"No'm, I wouldn't dare to," said Jacob, with his eyes very big and solemn. "Spile her, shor, ma'am. She wouldn't never eat no scraps if ye give her grain."

"Now, Jacob, listen to me. Jane is going to have grain three times a day on this trip; give her a measure of oats now."

"I'm bound to mind ye, missus; but she'll be that sassy the'll be no livin' with her!"

The poor hungry horse thrust her nose greedily into the measure.

"See how she likes it!" cried Mrs. Larks.

"Course, ma'am, that's jist chicken to her. But pore folkses' hosses can't be so fearful patic'lar 'bout what they eats. It's like a pore darkey spectin' fur to have spring chicken de hull year round, and, consequentially, he can't git it. And he wont wait long. He'll done come down to pone and bacon powerful quick."

"Jacob," answered Mrs. Larks, seriously, "what you say is true. But you and Jane shall both have spring chicken on this trip."

"Bleeged to ye, ma'am. Jane aint too back'ard to eat, nather 'm I. And I better be hitchin' up. I'll jist back round so we kin h'ist in them things."

In five minutes they all were upon the road again, with Jacob following slowly.

Often one, two, and sometimes three rows of fallen trees line the banks of the Mississippi for miles. The streams running between the islands and the shore, like little rivers, are called sloughs, though the name belies them, for they are often deep and clear, and game fish abound in them. Pale green willows edge the shores, and droop over the water. Trumpet-vine and wild grapes grow in rank luxuriance. Great elms bow to each other from island to island, and form long, shady, flowery arms across the streams. Where the woods are darkest, and the water deepest, the wagon stops. The bluff is cleft by a little ravine; on one side a perpendicular wall of rock, with a little stream at the base; on the other a green slope, where the old log-hut stands in the sunshine.

"Now, hurry up, boys, if you want any fish for dinner," said Mr. Larks.

Only boys can be as busy as those boys were, unhitching the horses and getting out lines and baits.

"Lucky we got those minnows, father; but, girls, you may run away with mother, for you'll talk and scare the fish," said Hugh.

"No, we won't. Can't we fish, father?"

"Yes, my lassie, come. I'll bait your hook."

Jenny watched him catch the little silvery minnow in the bucket, but as he put it on the hook, she gave a little sobbing sigh and turned away.

"O what a fisher you are!" said Frank.

"How can you fish if you can't see a hook baited?"

"Now, boys," said Mr. Larks, "you leave these girls alone, or I'll duck you. When you are as old as I am you will like tender-hearted girls a good deal better than hard-hearted ones."

The other little girls take lines also; but the musquitoes bite Dee, and the musquitoes bite Dum, and soon they lay their poles down and quietly slip away to "aunty," and enjoy themselves sweeping out the old house, and trot about gathering flowers. Jenny holds out bravely. Suddenly her cork goes bob, bob, bobbing out of sight.

"Steady, Jenny, steady!"

A wild, uncertain jerk, and the first catch lies floundering in the grass.

"A black bass! Hurrah for girls!" said Mr. Larks.

The boys hear the shout, but don't answer. Their masculine hearts are consumed with envy.

"Father," said Jenny, saucily, "I guess I won't fish any more. I'll go, and give the boys a chance."

An hour goes by. Mr. Larks catches a couple of striped bass, and Frank a croppie, but Ralph and Hugh have not caught a single fish, and are greatly mortified. They determine to try their luck farther off, and wander away out of sight. They stop where the slough narrows and an old tree bends low and casts a deep shadow over the water. Hugh takes a larger hook, puts on his biggest minnow from the bucket, and casts his line. At the moment it strikes the water he feels a bite. Jerk,—jerk,—away goes the line. His rod bends violently.

"Hold on, Hugh, hold on! He's a whopper. I saw him!" cried Ralph, sinking on his knees in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

The great fish is thrashing the water back and forth.

"Give him his head!" directed Ralph; "give him his head till he gets tired."

A few moments of breathless, eager anxiety, and they put their young wits to work to capture the prize.

"He's growing tired now. You stand farther down and I'll coax him up, and you grab him."

It